Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1920

THE BETRAYAL OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

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IN discussing the League of Nations much emphasis has been placed on the consequences of accepting Article X, which binds every member of the League to preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of every other member. Very little attention has been directed toward the origin and development of this article, which has been called "the heart of the Covenant," and yet it is only in the light of the motives that inspired it that its real purpose and true import can be comprehended.

In order to comprehend the development of this provision of the Covenant, it is necessary to recall some almost forgotten incidents of recent American history, which, disturbing as they were to thoughtful persons at the time of their occurrence, have since been obscured by events of greater magnitude.

As the oldest and most powerful of the American republics, until 1913 the United States had always held resolutely to the declarations of President Monroe, of December 2, 1823, which had come to be regarded as expressing the settled policy of this country in relation to the affairs of the Western Hemisphere, in which it had maintained a moral primacy never more firmly asserted than by President Cleveland in demanding arbitration of the boundary claims between Great Britain and Venezuela in 1895.

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It is timely to recall the fact that, in 1913-14, the Doctrine of Monroe ceased to be asserted, and that a new policy of personal intervention and of concessions intended to safeguard it came into operation. It will presently be shown that Article X, as the culmination of this new policy, was intended to abolish the Monroe Doctrine and substitute for it a form of Internationalism based on the idea of a supergovernment by the Great Powers.

A right valuation of the Monroe Doctrine requires a clear understanding of what is essential and distinctive in it as a national policy. Leaving aside the unimportant details, the Monroe Doctrine as an American policy may be accurately expressed in the following three declarations, taken verbally from the text of Monroe's message:

1. The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers.

2. In the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so.

3. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. . . . We could not view any intervention for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

These statements cannot by any legitimate interpretation be construed as constituting an "agreement," an "understanding," or a principle of international law. They admit no participants. They are subject to no one's approval or disapproval. They cannot be submitted to judicial decision. They simply express the self-protective policy of the United States as a nation; and are intended, as they clearly declare, to prevent the advent or intervention of any foreign Power upon the Western Hemisphere for any purpose that menaces the peace and safety of the United States.

Starting with an assumption,—shared with his Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan,—that all "peoples" are naturally pacific and politically virtuous, President Wilson believed that the revolutionary régime in Mexico, which involved so much danger to peace, could be ended, if the people of Mexico would submit to his personal direction. Refusing

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to recognize General Huerta, in 1913, as Provisional President of that country,—although he had under his control 18 of the 27 States and the 3 Territories in accordance with the laws and Constitution of Mexico, and had been officially recognized by several of the European Governments,—Mr. Wilson decided never, under any circumstances, to deal with any government of which Huerta was the head, even though elected by the Mexican people, and resolved to overthrow and destroy his authority.

The one fact, however, which it is now important to remember is the fear with which Mr. Wilson was obsessed that his forcible intervention in Mexico would be resented, and possibly resisted, by other countries, which would naturally think it incredible that the United States should formally declare war and invade Mexico for the sole purpose of destroying a single individual.

As a means of preparing the mind of the public for his intervention in Mexico, and especially of quieting the apprehensions of Europe and Latin America, Mr. Wilson announced in his speech at Mobile, on October 27, 1913: "I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable and fruitful use of the territory she has, and she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity." On December 2nd, in his first annual message, the President announced: "There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until General Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico;" and trusting to the assurance of his private agents that the bandit Villa was the hope of "constitutional government in Mexico," the President entered upon a short period of "watchful waiting" to see what effect his words would have.

The time before action was diligently improved. Central and South America were ostentatiously propitiated in preparation for the war with Huerta. During 1913, treaties for peace were negotiated and signed with Salvador, Guatemala, Panama, Honduras, and Nicaragua, followed in 1914 by similar engagements with Bolivia, Costa Rica, Santo Domingo, Venezuela, Peru, Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Ecuador, in the order named, providing that

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all disputes "of every nature whatsoever" should be referred to an International Commission, in which these republics should have equal representation with the United States and that no action in any case of disagreement should be taken for one year. What value these treaties would have if *de facto* governments, whatever they might be, were not to be recognized, seems not to have been taken into account. Nominally, at least, all American Governments were to be treated as equals, provided they could first obtain recognition by the President of the United States. Otherwise, they were to be outlawed. Having made this preparation, Mr. Wilson proceeded to outlaw the Government of Huerta in Mexico.

This process of outlawing a government recognized by other Powers put the Monroe Doctrine, which debarred European Governments from interfering, in great jeopardy. Protest was sure to follow. European Governments were interested in all the Latin-American republics, especially in Mexico. The Latin-American republics had a still more vital interest in this encroachment. It was evident that, if Mr. Wilson was to be allowed to exercise his will as to who should govern Mexico, there would have to be some abatement of the pretensions of the United States further South. The future of Panama and its Canal suddenly came to have a new interest in Europe and in both Central and South America.

It requires no unusual faculty of divination to comprehend in this connection what was behind the mysterious language of the President's brief message to Congress of March 5, 1914, in which he demanded the immediate repeal of the Panama Canal Act of August 24, 1912, providing for the exemption of tolls for our coastwise vessels—legislation which his own party platform of 1912 had specifically approved. "Without raising the question whether we were right or wrong," on the ground that foreign nations did not take our view of this exemption, Mr. Wilson declared: "I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure."

Opinions differed, and still differ, regarding the legal rights of the United States under the treaty. Mr. Wilson's plea was for repeal merely as an act of political expediency,

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for the declared reason that it was necessary for carrying out the "foreign policy of the Administration."

Of what was the President afraid? The occasion for his alarm is evident. How could he insist upon his right as President of the United States to depose a recognized ruler of Mexico, and at the same time maintain the Monroe Doctrine, which forbade the European Powers to intervene in Mexico for any reason? European nations had important interests in Mexico, particularly in the oil-fields and silver mines. If Mr. Wilson abolished the only government that could be held responsible for the destruction of European life and property in Mexico, to whom could they look for the protection of their interests? What assurance had they that, under cover of his personal war on Huerta, he did not intend to set up a government that would make Mexico a virtual protectorate of the United States? As for Panama, that was, they thought, already treated as a protectorate, and even as an extension of the coast-line of the United States.

There had been no European attack on the Monroe Doctrine in so far as it was a policy of self-protection maintained by the United States. The European Powers had recognized Huerta's Government and expected to be fairly treated by it; but, when Mr. Wilson announced his intention to destroy it by a military invasion of Mexico, the situation took on a different appearance. If Mr. Wilson wanted to invade Mexico and change its government, he must give new pledges or abandon the Monroe Doctrine altogether. Hence the reference to "other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence" than the Panama Tolls question.

Mr. Wilson saw clearly that he must either renounce his personal intention to crush Huerta by invading Mexico, or he must make it plain that the United States had no territorial designs upon that country. He decided to lower the flag of the Monroe Doctrine and to raise a new standard, Pan-Americanism.

Having satisfied Europe that he did not intend to do more than overthrow Huerta, President Wilson demanded that the Mexican Provisional President should salute the American flag "with special ceremony" dictated from Washington, on account of a trivial incident for which a formal apology had been offered. Huerta's request that

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the matter be referred to The Hague was refused; and, on April 20, 1914, Mr. Wilson requested Congress to authorize an armed attack on Huerta, expressing the "hope" that our Government "would not be forced into war with Mexico." "But," he continued, "if armed conflict should unhappily come, we should be fighting only General Huerta and those who adhere to him and give him support;"—a support which, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, no Mexican had a right to give!

There was no pretense that Huerta had either destroyed or refused to protect American life and property; yet, on April 21st, before Congress had given its approval, Mexican soil was invaded, and a pitched battle was fought in which 126 Mexicans were killed and 195 wounded, among them women and children, and nearly a hundred American soldiers were either killed or wounded. Four days later, inspired by a wave of Latin-American protest against this action, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile offered their mediation which was accepted. A new policy of intervention was thus introduced. For the first time the Latin-American republics had found it necessary to take a step of virtual protest against the action of the United States. From their side also it was evident that the Monroe Doctrine, which had in their infancy protected them, was no longer regarded without suspicion. It rendered impossible to them the support of a European alliance while the President of the United States overthrew a recognized government.

Determined to have his way with Huerta, Mr. Wilson saw himself obliged either to find the whole of South America arrayed against him, or to assume an attitude of propitiation. To give the conference of the mediators the dignity of a truly international assembly, it was held on neutral soil, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, where all the delegates were treated by the Canadian authorities as co-equal international guests. At first Carranza refused to be represented, leaving the mediation to operate between the United States and Huerta, whose plenipotentiaries were received on a par with those of President Wilson.

Huerta's delegates asked for the appointment of a neutral commission, in order that a fair election might be held; but President Wilson insisted that a government acceptable to Carranza must be chosen. Thus the conference failed to

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pacify Mexico. In November, our forces evacuated Vera Cruz, turning it over to the refractory and obstreperous Carranza, whose later trouble-making we need not here recall.

Never in its history did the United States appear so feeble, so irresolute, and so ineffectually meddlesome as when the American forces retired, emptyhanded, from their fruitless expedition to Vera Cruz. Not only Mexico, but every Latin-American country, entertained a sentiment of mingled hostility and contempt for the government at Washington.

The complete fiasco of the invasion of Mexico had rendered the United States an entirely negligible quantity in the European situation of August 1, 1914. Mr. Wilson's proposal of mediation to the German Emperor awakened no interest. His failure to rebuke the violation of Belgian neutrality created no surprise. With what grace or effect could he offer such a rebuke, when he had just invaded neighboring territory for a reason which no European Power considered justifiable? Had he intervened to defend American life and property, the case would have been different; but in these he showed no interest, and suffered such injuries to continue without effective protest.

The invasion of Mexico to overturn a government because it did not conform to Mr. Wilson's conception of what a government should be, created for him a new problem. He could not find, and did not even pretend to find, in the Monroe Doctrine any justification for his action. On the contrary, it plainly prohibited to Europeans such a course as he had taken. His conduct had made the Monroe Doctrine seem odious and impossible; not because of what it really was, or of the purpose for which it had originally been declared, which all nations had learned to respect, but because he had put the Government of the United States in a position of arrogant inconsistency, which the mediation of the A. B. C. Governments had completely exposed. If the United States Government was not to remain in a state of permanent misunderstanding with its neighbors on this hemisphere, apology and a new policy seemed to Mr. Wilson to be necessary.

The reparation made was the doctrine of Pan-Americanism. In order to efface the ugly remembrance of the unwarranted action in Mexico, assurance must be given that

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the United States had no designs on the territory of other republics on this continent. The declaration at Mobile had not been sufficient to remove all fears in this regard. To impress it upon them more emphatically, President Wilson proceeded to approach the Latin-American republics with a new proposal.

At this point the President's own testimony is pertinent. At the conference with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, at the White House, on August 19, 1919, inquiry was made by Senator Brandegee regarding the American draft of a League of Nations. "Was there any draft, no matter how incomplete," asked the Senator, "any skeleton draft or enumeration or substance for a draft for the so-called American plan for the Covenant of the League of Nations which you took with you from the country or was prepared over there by you?" To this the President replied: "Only the one that I referred to earlier in this conference, Senator, when I had taken the Phillimore report as more or less a basis of my work." "Did the Phillimore draft or report, whatever the proper term may be, contain anything like what is now Article X of the Covenant of the League?" asked the Senator. The President did not recall that it did, but made the following statement:

> Let me say this in regard to Article X. I believe this to be a part of the history of it. It is so far as I am concerned. Early in my administration, as I think many of the members know, I tried to get the American States, the States of Central and South America, to join with us in an arrangement in which a phrase like this constituted the kernel, that we guaranteed to each other territorial integrity and political independence. "Under a republican form of government," was added in that case. But that is another matter. As I represented to them at that time, it was a desire on my part at any rate to show the way to them of keeping things steady and preventing the kind of aggression they have had.

The following interchange then occurred:

> The CHAIRMAN. That was the subject of the Niagara conference?
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> Senator BRANDEGEE. The A. B. C. Powers.
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> The PRESIDENT. I do not think it was discussed there, Senator. We discussed it diplomatically.
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> The CHAIRMAN. It was taken up at that time?
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> The PRESIDENT. It was taken up at that time.
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> Senator BRANDEGEE. Who was the author of Article X?
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> The PRESIDENT. I suppose I was as much as anybody.
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> Senator BRANDEGEE. And you recommended it to your fellow American commissioners?

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The PRESIDENT. Yes.

Senator BRANDEGEE. How many Americans were on the commission which framed the Covenant for the League of Nations?

The PRESIDENT. Two—Colonel House and myself.

It was, then, by guaranteeing to each other "territorial integrity and political independence" that the American republics, including the United States, were to "keep things steady" and "prevent the kind of aggression they have had;" and this, it appears, was the first suggestion of what afterward became Article X in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The President did not state to what particular "aggressions" he referred; and he made no attempt at that time to show that this new doctrine is identical with the Monroe Doctrine or in any way derived from it. In fact, such an attempt would have been futile; for the Monroe Doctrine never went to the length of guaranteeing the territorial integrity or political independence of any American State against any other American State; or, in fact, against any one whatever; much less did it imply that the territory or independence of the United States was guaranteed by any other nation. What Mr. Wilson proposed to the Latin-American republics was a system of reciprocal guarantees such as had never before existed, and which was designed to supersede the Monroe Doctrine and serve as a substitute for it. In brief the self-protective policy of the United States, to be carried into execution in each case as the circumstances might seem to require, was to be displaced by an international compact between the American republics in which the United States would assume the obligation of defending the territorial integrity and political independence of every one of them.

That Secretary Lansing understood and appreciated this difference was made clear in the course of his examination by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, on August 6, 1919. In explaining the Lansing-Ishii Agreement between the United States and Japan, he read to the Committee a passage from his public statement on that subject in which he referred to "Pan-Americanism as interpreted by this Government;" whereupon Senator Fall inquired: "Do you understand that the Monroe Doctrine and the Pan-American Doctrine as declared by President Wilson are the same?" To this Secretary Lansing replied: "No,

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sir. They come to the same result but they are entirely on a different basis. The Monroe Doctrine is purely a national doctrine. Pan-Americanism is an international policy."

It is unnecessary for the present purpose to compare the value or effects of these different and opposing policies; but it would seem to be clear beyond the possibility of dispute, that the two doctrines are different and not to be justified by the same reasons. At no time, prior to Mr. Wilson's rule, has the United States undertaken to interfere with the self-determination of other peoples, or thought it needful to guarantee their territory or their independence, excepting as interference with their affairs by others was a menace to the peace or safety of the United States. No reason has been stated why a new obligation in this respect should be undertaken. No obligation to other countries is implied in the Monroe Doctrine, which is avowedly a self-protective policy; while Mr. Wilson's proposal claims to be based on mutual protection. The acceptance of the new obligation would be an abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine; for, instead of being in the interest of national safety, it would involve this nation in new dangers by making it responsible for the relations of all the American republics to one another.

In this connection it should not be overlooked that a guarantee of the territorial integrity and political independence of a people involves very grave responsibilities for the guarantor; for the reason that a nation, confidently assured of immunity so far as the possible loss of territory and political independence are concerned, is likely to feel less accountability for its conduct than when these would be placed in jeopardy by its misbehavior.

The essential quality of a good neighbor among nations is responsibility under law. Only such nations as are capable of maintaining a responsible government, answerable to International Law, are deserving of security in their territorial integrity or political independence. To assume that these possessions should be preserved for a people regardless of their conduct, is to assert that it is a duty to defend the existence of a State even when it becomes a nuisance or a menace. If, for example, such a territorial guarantee had existed in 1898, and Spain had been under its protection, revolutions would probably still be going on

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in Cuba, the intervention of the United States would have been precluded, and Cuba would not be the free, self-governed country that it is today. It is a good principle of international morality that a people must make life and property safe within their borders or expect their country to pass to the control of others who will enforce justice. There are, in truth, cases where external aggression is necessary to civilization, and where political independence should be made contingent upon the demonstration of national responsibility, without which no nation can rightly claim protection. The whole theory of unconditional territorial guarantees is unsound. The real sanctities, the things which nations may rightly go beyond their own borders to fight for, or to preserve by economic pressure, are not lines drawn upon the map by previous conquests or military occupation, setting up a fictitious claim to independent statehood where order and justice do not prevail, but the inviolability of the innocent and the dignity and authority of righteous law. Pan-Americanism and every form of Internationalism ought to be founded on International Law administered by a tribunal of justice, and not on territorial guarantees unqualified by the maintenance of a responsible government. It is good for the world that a people should know that their control of territory and the preservation of their independence depend upon their integrity of character and the justice of their transactions.

The Monroe Doctrine never included the claim that an American country which persistently refused to redress a wrong to another country, or its citizens, should be protected by the United States. It has never assumed to guarantee anything. It has never been settled, and it need not be settled in advance, what would happen to any nation that absolutely refused to adjudicate a justiciable case.

The part played by the United States in the Great War gave Mr. Wilson an opportunity to propose at Paris the theory of guarantees he at first intended to apply only to the American republics. We now have in hand documents of unquestioned authenticity which disclose the process by which this was accomplished. The most important of these is the report prepared by the President's expert advisers in International Law, in which we have, in parallel columns, (1) the text of the American plan of a League of Nations elaborated by the President; (2) the " Comments "

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of the advisers upon it; and (3) the draft of the plan as modified by these experts.

There are in this document many very interesting passages, but we must confine our attention here to the evolution of Article X. The original text, being Article III of the American plan, is as follows:

The Contracting Powers unite in guaranteeing to each other political independence and territorial integrity; but it is understood between them that such territorial readjustments, if any, as may in the future become necessary by reason of changes in present racial conditions and aspirations or present social and political relationships, pursuant to the principle of self-determination, and also such territorial readjustments as may in the judgment of three-fourths of the Delegates be demanded by the welfare and manifest interest of the peoples concerned, may be affected if agreeable to those peoples; and that territorial changes may in equity involve material compensation. The Contracting Powers accept without reservation the principle that the peace of the world is superior in importance to every question of Political jurisdiction or boundary.

Upon this passage the expert advisers offer the following comments:

Aside from any questions of several, joint or collective guarantees and their proper language, the question of policy presented by this Article in its first sentence is whether the United States should favor a guarantee of independence and integrity of every State by every other State.

Such an agreement would destroy the Monroe Doctrine. Under such an agreement, Germany, as well as the United States and even despite the United States, would have been bound to support Venezuela against Great Britain in 1895. Under such an agreement, Great Britain, France, and Japan might be bound to intervene in Chili or in Peru according to their views of the Tacna-Arica dispute. . . .

Indeed any guarantee of independence and integrity means war by the guarantor if a breach of the independence or integrity of the guaranteed State is attempted and persisted in.

What the United States has done, is doing, and will do for Europe, is enough, without making an unasked sacrifice of her interests and those of Latin-America, by giving up a policy which has prevented the countries south of the Rio Grande from being like Africa, pawns in the diplomacy of Europe.

That each Power should covenant for itself to respect the integrity and independence of every other Power in the League of Nations, and that failure to observe such a covenant should subject the covenant-breaking Power to the sanctions of the League of Nations, is undoubted. That policy looks toward the peace of the world and accords with the spirit of a community of nations. But the general policy of a guarantee against the acts of other States looks toward intervention and war by one or more of the guarantors, and is in accord only with the spirit of the old diplomacy.

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That the future attitude of the United States and its policy and that of Latin-America should not be left to inference but be beyond doubt or question, the constitution of the League of Nations should contain an express recognition of the Monroe Doctrine.

That the territorial adjustments made by the Peace Conference will not satisfy all claims, is the only thing now certain about them. Such general provisions as above mentioned will make that dissatisfaction permanent, will compel every Power to engage in propaganda and will legalize irredentist agitation in at least all of Eastern Europe.

The principle stated in the last sentence of Article III "that the peace of the world is superior in importance to every question of political jurisdiction or boundary" is not of universal application. It would not apply, for example, to the political jurisdiction of the United States over the Canal Zone, nor to the change in the boundary of the United States and Mexico, which was suggested by Germany. Further, and generally, if a country can not fight for its territorial integrity, why should it be regarded as the subject of guarantees?

As a result of these observations, the recommendation of the advisers, for the reasons given in their comments, took the following form:

Each Contracting Power severally covenants and guarantees that it will not violate the territorial integrity or impair the political independence of any other Contracting Power.

The Contracting Powers recognize as a binding principle that the American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any extrinsic Powers.

The recommendations of his advisers having been rejected by Mr. Wilson, Article III was finally offered to the Commission in the following form, with all reference to the Monroe Doctrine omitted:

The Contracting Powers undertake to respect and to protect as against external aggression the political independence and territorial integrity of all States members of the League.

This last formula, with the word "preserve" substituted for the word "protect," reappears as Article X in the Covenant finally adopted, which reads as follows:

The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

Article XI adds, that

Any threat of war, whether immediately affecting any member of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the *whole*

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League, and the *League* shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations.

The British Memorandum on the meaning of the Covenant was, therefore, justified both by the text and by the history of the proceedings, in saying, "Should any dispute arise between American and European Powers, *the League is there to settle it.*"

Indisputably, the Monroe Doctrine was knowingly and deliberately abandoned by the Covenant.

Promptly called to account by the most eminent jurists and statesmen in the United States for this abandonment of the most vital part of American foreign policy, Mr. Wilson endeavored to show that what he had done was not to abolish the Monroe Doctrine, but to extend it to the whole world!

The inconsistency of Mr. Wilson's reasoning in defending this transaction is best shown by allowing him to speak for himself.

In justification of Article X, in his speech at Sioux Falls, on September 3, 1919, Mr. Wilson said: "I have heard gentlemen say, 'America can take care of herself.' Yes, she can take care of herself. Every man would have to train to arms. We would have to have a great standing army. . . . You would have a military government in spirit if not in form." The only way to avoid this danger, Mr. Wilson declared, is to abandon our policy of self-protection, and insure universal peace by undertaking to preserve the territorial integrity and political independence of all other nations!

At Portland, Oregon, on September 15, 1919, Mr. Wilson was saying: "As a matter of fact, the Covenant sets up for the world a Monroe Doctrine; . . . and, inasmuch as the Monroe Doctrine had been made a universal doctrine, I did not think it was necessary to mention it particularly."

What happened when Mr. Wilson, under compulsion from the United States, at last did mention the Monroe Doctrine, reveals the wide difference between it and Article X. Article X was received gladly, for it guaranteed the European nations. The Monroe Doctrine, as soon as the name was pronounced, created a storm that lasted ten days and ended in an ingenious compromise.

The difference between the two was instantly evident to

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all. The Monroe Doctrine was known to be a self-protective policy, guaranteeing nothing, and designed to keep America out of the quarrels of Europe, and Europe out of the affairs of America. Article X, on the contrary, is a contract to protect everybody, guarantees all the members of the League, takes a hand in all the boundary disputes of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and invites European intervention in American affairs. One is a national policy, the other an international compact.

Notwithstanding Mr. Wilson's contention that Article X *is* the Monroe Doctrine "made universal," it required a strenuous effort, he informs us in his speech at Spokane on September 12, 1919, to have the doctrine even mentioned, as it now is, in Article XXI of the Covenant "Up to that time,"—April 11, 1919,—"there was not a nation in the world," he says, "that was willing to admit the validity of the Monroe Doctrine. I have made a great many speeches in my life, perhaps too many, but I do not think that I ever put so much of what I hope is the best in me as I put in the speech in the conference on the League of Nations in favor of the Monroe Doctrine, and it was upon that occasion that it was embodied. And we have this extraordinary spectacle of the world recognizing the validity of the Monroe Doctrine."

What a pity that this herculean effort was not textually reported; but, unfortunately, no stenographic notes were taken. Why was it "an extraordinary spectacle" to see the Monroe Doctrine embodied in the Covenant, when, as Mr. Wilson claims, it had been already completely included and safeguarded, without the slightest objection from anyone, by the acceptance of Article X?

The truth is, the Monroe Doctrine is nowhere embodied in the Covenant. Mr. Wilson confesses his own inability to define it. "I did try while I was in Paris," he said in his speech of September 12, 1919, at Spokane, "to define the Monroe Doctrine and get it written into the document, but I will confide to you in confidence that when I tried to define it I found that it escaped analysis, that all that you could say was that it was a principle with regard to the interference of foreign Powers in the politics of the Western Hemisphere which the United States felt at liberty to apply in any circumstances where it thought pertinent."

But Mr. Wilson did not need to frame a definition of

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the Monroe Doctrine, which is not so vague as he pretends. He needed only to respect the terms in which it was first expressed, and which have not changed; namely, that it "does not comport with our policy to take part in the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves," and that "we could not view any intervention in American affairs in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

These vital elements of the Monroe Doctrine are wholly abolished by Articles X and XI, which expressly implicate the United States in European wars and bind the European Powers to intervene in American affairs.

Article XXI, which Mr. Wilson, by the greatest effort of his life, got "written into the document," does not nullify Articles X and XI. The French text of the Covenant expressly declares this. It is only as an "international engagement" that the Monroe Doctrine has any recognition in the treaty. The words of Article XXI clearly state this:

> Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.

"The main thing," said Colonel House, was "to use the two words, 'Monroe Doctrine,' the rest will look after itself," reports Mr. Charles T. Thompson, in his very interesting book on *The Peace Conference Day-by-Day*. On March 31st a formula had been reached, but the committee was unable to agree upon it, so it was reserved for the Council of Four to decide upon its acceptability. On April 11th, "after a spirited session of the league commission lasting till midnight," the amendment presented by the President was adopted. The "main thing," as Colonel House had expressed it, had been accomplished,—the "two words" had been "used"!

But what do these "two words" mean, as here employed?

According to this formula, the Monroe Doctrine is no longer simply the self-protective American policy it was designed to be, but an "international engagement." Between whom is it an engagement? What does it engage? If President Wilson could not define it, what are the foreign Powers to understand by it? Here is clear ground for indefinite controversy. Who is to settle it, if not the

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League, with the United States as defendant before the Council?

But, according to Article XXI, the Monroe Doctrine is not merely an "international engagement," it is a "regional understanding." With whom is it an understanding? All the secret treaties, also, are "regional understandings" for securing the maintenance of peace between contestants over territories in which "spheres of influence" have been in dispute. The Monroe Doctrine is nothing of this kind. It is what its text and history show it to be,—the time-honored self-protective policy of the United States. The abandonment of that policy and the acceptance of Article X as a substitute for it, would mean that the United States had decided to renounce self-dependence, and to seek protection in the promises of a group of Powers of various degrees of culture and efficiency, scattered in every part of the earth, which the United States, as a guarantor, would be bound in honor not only to defend against the aggressions of one another but against powerful nations which are not members of the League and not bound by any of its provisions.

And now comes the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, wearing the trailing mantle of Mr. Wilson's apostolate of peace through the pledge of war, repeating as the key-note of his new rôle, "They charge experimentation when we have as historical precedent the Monroe Doctrine, which is the very essence of Article X of the Versailles Covenant."

What a cataclysm the Democratic Party has traversed in the transition from the Monroe Doctrine as understood by Cleveland to that doctrine as understood by Cox!

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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THE WORLD COURT MOVEMENT

BY CHANDLER P. ANDERSON

PUBLIC opinion among the enlightened nations of the world has demonstrated a preference for the regulation of international relations on the basis of law and justice rather than by force and war. It remains for these nations to determine how this preference shall be made effective. The need for some form of international organization is recognized, and the question which at present is awaiting decision is how far the executive, legislative and judicial functions of government shall enter into and be exercised by an international organization.

In the League Covenant of the Peace Treaty, the executive power has been so greatly magnified in importance that it has no well defined limitations, and even includes legislative and judicial powers over international relations and controversies. This exaltation of the executive power under the Covenant has been one of the chief causes of the opposition to it in the United States, because it is incompatible with American principles. It is a departure from the theory of government embodied in the Constitution of the United States, which separates the executive, legislative and judicial powers of government into distinct and coordinate branches, each of which is restricted to the exercise of certain limited powers specifically delegated to it. The theory underlying the League organization seems to have been that the best way to prevent war was to submit all international questions to the control of a political machine dominated by a few select nations. This feature of the League organization is also a departure from the fundamental principles controlling the form of international organization which had already received universal sanction through the Hague Conferences, and subsequent negotiations among nations for the creation of an independent international judiciary to settle international controversies by the application of prin-

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ciples of justice on the basis of the equal rights of all nations, great and small alike.

One of the questions at issue, therefore, would seem to be whether the world organization for peace shall rest on the one hand upon the administration of international law by an international court of justice, free from political control and commanding the confidence of public opinion throughout the world by upholding the equal rights of all nations under the law, or on the other hand upon the political domination of a few of the great nations over the rest of the world and over any court of international justice established as an adjunct to that organization.

The difference between an international court of justice and the council created by the League Covenant, as pointed out by Senator Harding in his recent speech on our foreign relations, is that the former is "a judicial tribunal governed by fixed and definite principles of law administered without passion or prejudice," while the latter is "an association of diplomats and politicians whose determinations are sure to be influenced by considerations of expediency and national selfishness." Moreover, the eye of the League, unlike the eye of the law, does not regard the rights of a small nation as equal to the rights of a great Power.

The disadvantages and objectionable aspects of a politicians' league have been thoroughly exposed, in so far at least, as our own participation is concerned, but the fact that for many years past a great world movement has been steadily progressing for the establishment of an international court of justice, together with arbitration tribunals, as the dominating influence in a world organization for the preservation of peace has not received the attention it deserves.

Such an organization was given definite form by the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 and is still in existence. Those conferences were important milestones in the evolution of this organization, and although its development was temporarily interrupted by the lawlessness of the war, the organization has survived, and with the defeat of Germany the only serious obstacle to its progress has been removed. One of the great lessons of the war was that lawlessness cannot prevail against the united opposition of the forces of justice, and the best safeguard against lawlessness is to strengthen the authority of justice and right.

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It is important to consider, therefore, what progress this movement has already made through and beyond The Hague Conferences, and what promise it holds for the future.

The Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, adopted at the First Hague Conference in 1899 and readopted with substantial improvements at the Second Conference in 1907, established a system, world wide in its application, for international arbitration, mediation, and the ascertainment and publication of facts by commissions of inquiry in international controversies.

In addition to these accomplishments the 1907 Conference adopted a draft "Convention for the establishment of a Court of Arbitral Justice" and recommended its ratification, which was postponed pending a supplementary agreement upon a satisfactory method for selecting the personnel of this court. There was, however, no disagreement among the nations at that time, and there has been none since, about the importance of establishing a real and permanent international court of justice, as then projected, in addition to the occasional arbitration tribunals provided for in The Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes.

The distinction between these tribunals of arbitration and a permanent court of justice is that such tribunals are not permanent nor impartial nor judicial, because they are formed separately under special agreements and with different arbitrators in each individual case, and these arbitrators are expected to act more as diplomats than as judges and do not constitute a permanent judicial body, and the final outcome is generally a political compromise rather than a decision between right and wrong. This distinction was pointed out in the instructions issued by Mr. Root, as Secretary of State, in 1907, to the American delegates at the Second Hague Conference, in which he said:

> There can be no doubt that the principal objection to arbitration rests not upon the unwillingness of nations to submit their controversies to impartial arbitration, but upon an apprehension that the arbitrations to which they submit may not be impartial. It has been a very general practice for arbitrators to act, not as judges deciding questions of fact and law upon the record before them under a sense of judicial responsibility, but as negotiators effecting settlement of questions brought before them in accordance with the traditions and usages and subject to all the considerations and influences which affect diplomatic agents. The two methods are radically different, proceed upon different stand-

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ards of honorable obligation, and frequently lead to widely different results. It very frequently happens that a nation which would be very willing to submit its differences to an impartial judicial determination is unwilling to subject them to this kind of diplomatic process.

On the other hand nations might willingly submit to this diplomatic process of arbitration a political question, or a question of international policy, which did not properly come within the jurisdiction of a court of law. The different functions of the two systems, and the advantage of maintaining both, were pointed out by Mr. Leon Bourgeois, of the French Delegation at the Second Hague Conference, who said:

> In controversies of a political nature, especially, we think that this will always be the real rule of arbitration and that no nation large or small will consent to go before a court of arbitration unless it takes an active part in the appointment of the members composing it.
>
> But is the case the same in questions of purely legal nature? Can the same uneasiness and distrust appear here? And does not every one realize that a real court composed of real jurists may be considered as the most competent organ for deciding controversies of this character and for rendering decisions on pure questions of law?
>
> In our opinion, therefore, either the old system of 1899 or the new system of a truly permanent court may be preferred according to the nature of the case.

In 1910 a draft convention was signed by delegates representing Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States, agreeing upon a plan for organizing this court and putting into force the proposed Hague Convention of 1907 for establishing the court as soon as ratified by 18 Powers. The requisite number of ratifications not having been secured, further negotiations were undertaken early in 1914 for the adoption of another draft convention for the establishment of this court, in a preliminary way, by and for Great Britain, the United States, Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands and Russia. These negotiations were interrupted by the outbreak of the great war, which also prevented the meeting of a Third Hague Conference, arranged for the following year, when the organization of the permanent court undoubtedly would have been accomplished.

In spite of the disappointments and delays attending the negotiations for the establishment of this court, subsequent developments have shown that the proceedings hitherto taken have furnished a sure foundation to build upon

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for the ultimate organization of this permanent court of justice.

It is of interest to recall that in Mr. Root's instructions as Secretary of State, in 1907, to the American Delegates, he stated:

> You should regard the work of the Second Conference not merely with reference to the definite results to be reached in that conference, but also with reference to the foundations which may be laid for further results in future conferences. It may well be that among the most valuable services rendered to civilization by this Second Conference will be found the progress made in matters upon which the delegates reach no definite agreement.

The recently published report of the select committee of jurists which met at The Hague this summer, upon the invitation of the League Council, to formulate a plan for a permanent court of international justice, discloses the interesting fact that the plan formulated by that committee is based squarely upon the draft "Convention for the establishment of the Court of Arbitral Justice," which was recommended by the Second Hague Conference in 1907, combined with the above mentioned draft conventions of 1910 and 1914 for putting that convention into force.

This continuity of development is not surprising in view of the universal endorsement of the original plan, and the hopeless confusion which has resulted from the experiment of substituting expediency and politics for justice and equality as the controlling influences in a world organization.

It is also of especial interest to Americans to note that the commanding influence of Mr. Root has supported the project throughout and is chiefly responsible both for laying the foundations in the first place and now for completing the plans for the organization of this proposed court. As Secretary of State in 1907 he directed the formulation of the original plan which was proposed by the American delegates at the Second Hague Conference, and as a member of the select committee of jurists at The Hague this summer he took the leading part in formulating the completed plan which that committee has now recommended unanimously for adoption.

The opening paragraph of the plan declares that a permanent Court of International Justice is thereby established in addition to the court of arbitration organized by the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, and to the special

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tribunals of arbitration to which the States are always at liberty to submit their differences for settlement. Recognition is thus given to the importance of maintaining both an arbitral and a judicial system for settling international controversies—the arbitral system to deal with questions of a political nature which require that form of diplomatic adjustment, and a real court of justice to deal with questions of a legal nature which can be decided by the application of legal principles.

A comparison of the new plan with the old will show that there is no substantial difference in their general structure and that, with the exception of the new features noted below, the new plan has the same resemblance to the old that a more highly cultivated growth has to a lowlier ancestor. The only distinctly new features which have been introduced are the provisions defining the jurisdictional powers conferred upon the court, and the subordination of the court to the council and assembly of the League. It is to be organized by and open of right only to members of the League and the judges are to be elected by the council and assembly and are dependent upon those bodies for the fixing and payment of their salaries and expenses. Under the old plan all nations were entitled to participate in the organization of the court and the salaries of the judges were to be fixed in the agreement constituting the court and were to be paid, together with the expenses of the court, by the signatory Powers.

This subordination of the court to the League organization under the new plan was no doubt a matter of necessity, and not a matter of choice with the committee, for they were not empowered to amend the League Covenant; and until the powers of the council and assembly of the League are properly restricted, there will be no place for an independent judiciary as a coordinate branch in that organization.

Fortunately the nations themselves will not be hampered, as the committee has been, in dealing with this matter, and when the plan is referred to them for adoption they may, if they wish, make the few changes necessary to separate the court entirely from the control of the League and ensure its independence of political influences.

The committee has indicated its willingness to ensure at least physical separation between the court and the League, by fixing the permanent seat of the court at The

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Hague, which is not likely to be chosen for the headquarters of the League.

Apart from the objectionable subordination of the court to the League, the responsibility for which rests primarily with the League organization and not with the committee of jurists, their plan is full of promise for the future. The provisions dealing with the competence of the court are admirable, especially those defining the questions over which it shall have jurisdiction, and the sources from which it shall draw the laws to be applied.

Cases arising under the Monroe Doctrine and those affecting domestic questions are not expressly excluded, but obviously they are not intended to be included among the cases coming within the jurisdiction of the court, which are defined as those of a legal nature concerning—

(a) The interpretation of a treaty.

(b) Any question of international law.

(c) The existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation.

(d) The nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation.

(e) The interpretation of a sentence passed by the court.

The adoption of this classification as the universally accepted definition of justiciable questions would undoubtedly constitute a tremendously important addition to the code of international law and at the same time greatly stimulate the process of codification.

It is worthy of note that the last of these categories comes from The Hague Conventions, and all the others from the League Covenant, and that we are indebted to Mr. Root for the introduction of this classification in the Covenant. It will be remembered that he proposed a number of amendments to the form of the Covenant as originally adopted, and among them this classification of justiciable cases exactly as it now appears. Its adoption in the present plan was the natural sequence of its insertion in the Covenant.

Perhaps the most extensive power conferred on the court is the right to determine its own jurisdiction in the event of a dispute as to whether or not a case comes within the stated categories. This power, together with the further power conferred upon the court to render judgment by de-

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fault against a party which refuses to appear or present its case, will enable the court to take jurisdiction and render decisions in every possible case which can be decided by the application of the accepted principles of international law, excepting always such cases as under the Covenant must be submitted to the decision of the council or assembly of the League. It is regrettable that such an exception must be made. It is detrimental to the dignity and influence of the court that the council and assembly should act in a judicial capacity over any cases which properly fall within the jurisdiction of this court, and the submission of such cases to these non-judicial bodies, instead of to the court, does not serve the ends of justice or advance the cause of peace. Here again, however, the responsibility rests with the Covenant and not with the committee of jurists, who have given the court the fullest possible powers permitted by the circumstances.

One further step remains to be taken to perfect the plan of a world court of justice as a safeguard against war, and that is for the nations of the world by universal consent to deny the absolute right of a sovereign state to make war and to declare that a war of aggression constitutes an international crime. If this were done, any threat against the peace of the world, or any aggressive war would involve a question of a legal nature within the field of international law, and consequently within the jurisdiction of this court, which extends over all questions of a legal nature involving any question of international law.

The importance of treating violations of law of such a character as to threaten the peace and order of the community of nations as an international crime was pointed out by Mr. Root early in the Great War. In an address at the annual meeting in December, 1915, of the American Society of International Law, he said:

> We are all familiar with the distinction in the municipal law of all civilized countries, between private and public rights and the remedies for the protection or enforcement of them. Ordinary injuries and breaches of contract are redressed only at the instance of the injured person, and other persons are not deemed entitled to interfere. It is no concern of theirs. On the other hand, certain flagrant wrongs, the prevalence of which would threaten the order and security of the community, are deemed to be everybody's business. If, for example, a man be robbed or assaulted, the injury is deemed not to be done to him alone, but to every member of the state by the breaking of the

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law against robbery or against violence. Every citizen is deemed to be injured by the breach of the law because the law is his protection, and if the law be violated with impunity his protection will disappear. Accordingly, the government, which represents all its citizens, undertakes to punish such action even though the particular person against whom the injury was done may be content to go without redress. Up to this time breaches of international law have been treated as we treat wrongs under civil procedure, as if they concerned nobody except the particular nation upon which the injury was inflicted and the nation inflicting it. There has been no general recognition of the right of other nations to object. . . . If the law of nations is to be binding, if the decisions of tribunals charged with the application of that law to international controversies are to be respected, there must be a change in theory, and violations of the law of such a character as to threaten the peace and order of the community of nations must be deemed to be a violation of the right of every civilized nation to have the law maintained, and a legal injury to every nation. When a controversy arises between two nations other nations are indeed strangers to the dispute as to what the law requires in that controversy, but they cannot really be strangers to a dispute as to whether the law which is applicable to the circumstances shall be observed or violated. Next to the preservation of national character, the most valuable possession of all peaceable nations, great and small, is the protection of those laws which constrain other nations to conduct based upon principles of justice and humanity. Without that protection there is no safety for the small state except in the shifting currents of policy among its great neighbors, and none for a great state however peaceable and just may be its disposition, except in readiness for war.

The recent war has demonstrated the soundness of Mr. Root's argument. It has shown that no nation can again be regarded as a stranger in interest to a dispute between other nations and that every nation is threatened with a legal injury by a breach of the law by any other nation. The consequent right and duty of all nations, as pointed out by Mr. Root, to have the law of nations maintained in all cases and to demand respect for the decisions of tribunals charged with the ascertainment and application of that law in international controversies are in themselves convincing reasons for the organization of a world court of justice.

It is not the purpose of the present discussion to present the reasons for the establishment of a world court. The necessity for it has already been universally admitted and is no longer open to question. The above reasons are mentioned only because they are new and instructive and serve to differentiate the character of the international interests entering into an organization for justice from those pertaining to an organization for political control.

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There is no such community of interest among nations in dealing with international politics as there is in dealing wth international law. Political decisions, unlike legal decisions, are not controlled by abstract principles of right and wrong. The political settlement of a controversy establishes only the limit of concession and compromise to which the parties are constrained to go in a particular case, while the judicial settlement of an international question involves the establishment of principles of law or rules of conduct which are and should be applied always and universally among all nations.

In other words, the reasons which justify and demand the participation of all nations in the establishment of an international organization for justice have no application to an organization for the political control of international relations.

An international political organization, therefore, stands on an entirely different footing from an international judicial organization, and while duty and self interest alike demand that every nation should support the latter, self interest alone must determine for each nation whether or not it will participate in the former.

So far as the United States is concerned, by our Monroe Doctrine we have set a limit to political interference by European nations on our side of the world, and at the same time we have renounced for ourselves any purpose to meddle in European politics. Apart from every other obstacle, however, there are certain Constitutional limitations imposed upon executive action which prevent the executive from committing the United States to any obligations or agreements without the sanction of the Senate, or the Congress, and these are in themselves sufficient to make it practically impossible for our Government to participate effectively in any European political organization. The career of the Covenant itself is an illustration as well as a justification of the barrier imposed by the Constitution against executive commitments. The alternative is to continue along the course which has been successfully followed since the beginning of our independence, and that is to deal through the regularly authorized diplomatic channels with the European questions which legitimately concern us, and not to meddle with European politics. Our Department of State has an honorable record of achievement in dealing

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with our legitimate European interests, and, unlike the League of Nations, it has no authority to force us into European political controversies which do not concern us.

Thanks to the wisdom and patriotism of the Senate, the United States has escaped unconditional commitment to the League Covenant, and may soon be in a position to propose anew to the world another form of organization for the maintenance of peace.

The League of Nations, as an organization for preventing war, has proved to be a failure, and it now seems probable that any new organization for international cooperation to prevent war will be a natural development of the modes of procedure approved by past experience for eliminating the causes of war, and will be based on the acknowledged supremacy of the law in the settlement of disputes.

Such an organization, therefore, may be expected to have for its keystone a permanent court of international justice, governed by principles of law and equity on the basis of the jural equality of all nations, free from political intrigue and influences, having jurisdiction over all questions between nations where right and wrong are at issue, not excepting policies of aggression which may lead to war, and commanding the respect of mankind by its impartiality, integrity and wisdom.

Pursuant both to the old and new plans for this court, the existing Hague arbitration tribunals will not be superseded by it, but these two systems for the pacific settlement of international disputes, operating side by side, each in its own appropriate sphere, will together provide the ultimate authority to which as a last resort nations can submit all disputes which have not yielded to the resources of diplomacy, or to the harmonizing influences of mediation, conciliation, and the ascertainment of facts by commissions of inquiry, as hitherto practised and approved under the Hague Conventions, and the many other conventions entered into for these purposes and now in force among enlightened nations.

Furthermore, in order to strengthen and extend the authority of a court of international justice, the process of codifying the law of nations must be provided for, and for that purpose, as well as to facilitate international cooperation and the improvement and expansion of the international practices of the past for eliminating the causes of war, and for the discussion of political questions, international

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conferences will be necessary. An association of all nations for these purposes would be useful, and perhaps it may be possible to utilize, with some changes, so much of the League organization as is appropriate for ensuring the assembling of regular international conferences at stated intervals, and of special conferences for special purposes, or in times of emergency when the peace of the world is threatened.

It may not yet be too late to regain the ground that has been lost through futile experimenting, and it is indeed significant that the old plan for the organization of the world for peace through the development and enforcement of law, relying for its sanction upon the appeal of right and justice to an informed public opinion, is again forcing itself upon the attention of the world, in spite of its rejection by the Peace Conference.

CHANDLER P. ANDERSON.

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SEVEN YEARS OF DANIELS

BY ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

DURING the last few months, the press has printed a good many columns about the United States Navy. Much of this has been in the form of incomplete accounts of investigations by subcommittees of Congress. However, the newspapers, like the committees themselves, have been greatly affected by political leanings. Consequently, the statements of witnesses and the conclusions to be drawn have been presented in a partisan light. Again, no small amount of the matter thus printed has been inspired by the Administration, designed to disarm criticism, however just, and to juggle statistics until the figures mean nothing to the uninformed reader. In this move the Administration has been greatly assisted by the public's general ignorance of the Navy, its aims, its difficulties, its true condition, and by the national tendency to hold everything American as superlative and therefore unassailable. The combination of these several factors has resulted in throwing but little clear light upon the actual status of the Navy. Assuming that the nation is convinced that it should have a fighting force afloat, the attempt will be made to discuss, without citing figures, the underlying reasons for our having no such thing today. Questions of money appropriations by Congress, General Board recommendations, ship construction, strategy, and tactics are not considered here. For important as they are, all these are but adjuncts of the real motive force, the Spirit of the Service.

In the year 1912, spirit was at a very high point in the Navy. Broadly speaking, loyalty up and down was generally prevalent. Eliminating occasional and entirely natural individual prejudices, the feeling between officers and enlisted men of all grades was one of cordial liking and mutual respect. Plenty of work, plenty of play, with keen

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but friendly rivalry in both, characterized the organization. Rare indeed was the skipper who would not, outside his own ship, swear by every member of his command. While unless too recently court-martialled and consequently a little sorry for himself, scarce a man of any enlisted rating was not joyfully ready to roll up his sleeve at any outside criticism of his ship or his shipmates. She might be "this damned old battle-wagon," in the wardroom; she might be "a workhouse with a tough Old Man," around the Bo's'n's sand-locker at five-thirty on a nasty morning; she might be anything she should not be, inside the family. But once over the side she became the best ship afloat, take on all comers and bar none. That was the state of affairs up to March, 1913.

Upon his induction into office Mr. Josephus Daniels, the present Secretary of the Navy, was as ignorant of the spirit of the service as he was of the meaning of the terms "fighting ship," "readiness for war," or "first line of national defense." It is not hard to understand this ignorance; it is not even hard to forgive it. Mr. Daniels was entirely without experience in life which might fit him to understand any of these things. But there was one thing which he fully understood—politics. Therefore, to him, the Navy was a wonderfully organized machine for vote-getting, and it stood ready for operation by his trained hand. From this point of view, he saw two sets of tools, the officers and the enlisted men, each set quite distinct. Taking first the officer, Mr. Daniels saw him as a man clever enough to get himself educated at the expense of the government. Obviously, the officer, being a grafter, could be exploited in one way or another. Again, the officer, wearing a more or less decorative uniform, was received in good circles of society. What more logical inference than that he was a snob? Finally, since he was constantly changing his station, the officer had but little opportunity to exercise his constitutional right to vote. From which Mr. Daniels argued that he could be insulted with perfect safety. Considering the enlisted man, the new Secretary viewed him as younger on the average, and relatively less well-educated, but ambitious. No doubt he could be easily influenced. Add to this the fact that at the end of an enlistment, many men became, for a time at least, ordinary citizens making regular visits to the polls, and the possibilities of the situation were at once

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apparent to a keen political brain. Entirely neglecting psychology, Mr. Daniels started earnestly to work along the lines laid down by his reasoning.

In order that the enlisted men might have no doubts upon their new status, Mr. Daniels visited one of the battleships. Waving away the official quarterdeck reception, prepared according to regulation for the holder of his office, the Secretary hurried forward to the forecastle. Mounting one of the mess-benches, he addressed the amazed crew in some such words as these:

"Boys, I've come to tell you that I am going to run the Navy for you. There won't be any more of this oppression by the officers. Whenever you think that you aren't getting a square deal, just write and tell me all about it. Never mind about any red tape, either—just come straight to me. I'm your best friend, and I know you're mine."

That the head of the Navy should make an announcement so entirely at variance with the regulations of any military or naval organization was a staggering blow to that ship's company. It was perfectly well known that anyone with a grievance, real or fancied, could at any time report it through the proper channels and ask for redress. But to write to the Secretary, or the Department, without reference to one's commanding officer, even if heard of, was universally condemned, forward and aft. It is reported, in this case, that after the departure of the Secretary the Captain, in his turn, addressed the assembled ship's company. It is unlikely that he had occasion to mount a mess-bench, but it is certain that he spoke with that picturesqueness and force of language for which he is not without his reputation. He intimated that no such practice as had been just suggested would be followed on that ship—at least during his incumbency of the captain's cabin.

Unfortunately, the first seeds of discontent and sedition had been sown, the first "white mice" in the Navy had been born.

This incident is fairly typical of hundreds, many of which have been described elsewhere in print. From such beginnings, the uplift work went merrily on. A flood of orders, all more or less impossible of enforcement, all more or less subversive of discipline, emanated from the Secretary's office, in the ensuing years. These were greeted, alow and aloft, with sentiments varying from amused tolerance

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to scorn. Among them may be mentioned the orders relative to schools aboard ship for the enlisted men.

Here was something which, properly applied, might have wrought a great good. It had always been a cardinal principle aboard ship that any man of lower rating who wished to study, must be encouraged to apply for text-books or other help to his officers. In a quiet way, no small amount of such work was going forward in the Fleet. The day, however, had not yet been completely divided into study hours. No one had entertained the idea of making such evolutions as coaling ship or target practice depend upon "recess." Yet the plan, in the early days of 1914, was a fetish with Mr. Daniels. When rifles, machine-guns, and even ships' five-inch batteries had been firing for several days into Vera Cruz; when nineteen lives had paid for the Administration's flat refusal to allow the Admiral commanding to conduct a really military operation; when, due to the withdrawal of our ships from Tampico, at the Secretary's, not Admiral Mayo's order, it became necessary to hoist the British ensign on an American yacht to protect American refugees from the fire of Mexican batteries ashore; when all these activities were absorbing the interest of most of the Navy in the Atlantic, many messages were received from Washington. Almost the last of these, when decoded, read: "School and similar exercises may be temporarily suspended."

General Order Number 99—the famous prohibition order—is another sample. Quite apart from the wholly libellous implication that naval officers were all drunkards, the order accomplished nothing in a practical way beyond increasing the officer's living expenses. He could no longer return hospitality, as at that time understood in the United States, aboard ship, but must take his guests to an hotel. The effect of drink upon efficiency had been, in point of fact, negligible. For countless years, the principle of the service had been "up anchor,—in cork!" With the anchor down, it was no great trouble to go ashore for a drink. When one "horrible example" had been dismissed, the Secretary pointed out that this officer had "actually learned to drink in the Navy." This statement of the case can be accepted at its full value, when it is realized that this officer entered the Naval Academy at about fifteen.

A less widely recognized blow at the officer personnel

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was attempted by Mr. Daniels through the Naval Academy itself. He proposed to remove the officers on duty as instructors, and to substitute civilians. The reason given out was the inability of the officers to teach. It is not, however, hard to see through this move to secure to his own gift an additional number of nice appointments. With a characteristic desire to cover up his real intent, the Secretary appointed a Board, made up of university presidents and nationally known educators. This Board he assembled in his private office, before its visit to Annapolis. To it, he presented its own conclusion, cut and dried, to be made public after the ostensible " investigation " of the school and its curriculum. Practically, there remained only the mere formality of signing the report.

Fortunately for the Navy, though doubtless somewhat to his own consternation, Mr. Daniels promptly discovered that he had not made his selections with sufficient care. Certain members flatly refused to be dictated to, and visited Annapolis with open minds to make a real investigation of the situation. To them it was at once clear that, at the Naval Academy, more than book-learning was involved. The midshipman must from his first hour begin absorbing the discipline, the traditions, and the spirit of the service. All these would come to him naturally and easily from naval officers. From civilians they would come not at all. Equally apparent was the fact that, while a sprinkling of civilians as instructors was desirable in such special branches as foreign languages, it was vital that the required qualifications be made so high as to lift these posts out of politics. After a protracted fight against the partisan members, these high-minded gentlemen won a victory for the Navy. Indeed, so complete was their defeat of Mr. Daniels' project that it was only after another hard struggle that they were able to force the publication of the Board's report.

In the meantime, it had become clear to the Secretary, early in his first term, that to carry out his idea of belittling the snob, it was necessary for him to seek out the grafters. No other explanation will fit his unceasing efforts to get into the high places those officers whom he could bend to his will. Without in the least giving up his attitude of feeling that no officer of a mere thirty years experience could tell him how to run the Navy, Mr. Daniels was fain to admit that someone must be beside him, to attend to the

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details. Accordingly he began to offer choice stations and duties to those upon whom he thought he might depend.

To the average officer of rank, a post of any professional value, combined with a chance for anything approaching home and family life, is regarded as something ardently to be wished for, and hard to get. Duty in Washington, for example. Amid pleasant surroundings here, if anywhere, is the opportunity to get into trial operation by the Fleet some long-cherished plan for controlling the fire of turret-guns, some carefully-studied scheme for the organization of the personnel, or for the operation of machinery. Similarly, posts at navy yards or gun-factories are highly prized. It was such plums as these that the Secretary of the Navy held out, with, of course, no mention of the attached proviso, complete agreement with himself, or failing that, a slavish acquiescence. Many officers accepted these posts which they could hardly refuse. Beginning their work with high hopes, they found themselves, shortly, in the hottest water. From them advice was not sought, was rarely even grudgingly accepted. They were expected to act as messengers, or as copy boys carrying publicity matter to the newsapers. Apart from this, their job was to stand by and applaud Mr. Daniels. The chafing under this system can easily be appreciated. As one after another protested, he was silenced, or sent to some undesirable duty, making room for some one less particular. Admiral Fiske, internationally recognized as an inventor and as a strategist, was forced by the Secretary to resign because he had the courage to tell the truth and keep on telling it. His is a very good case in point. When the attempt was made to fill the Admiral's post of chief adviser (?) to the Secretary every admiral to whom it was offered refused point-blank. Officers who remained on duty in Washington at other posts fought a gallant but generally losing fight. Most of them stayed only to save what they could. Through the fortunate periodic absences of the Secretary, and mainly through the as yet unconquered spirit of the service, the creeping tide of politics was turned back here and there by these devoted souls.

Outside the Department, the personnel situation became more and more grave. The enlisted men, with a judgment so good as to have been long proverbial, early in the game had diagnosed Mr. Daniels' case as aggravated votomania.

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For the most part, even those who seemed to profit by his measures disapproved of him and of all his methods.

Old-timers among the men easily recognized the fact that such of their fellows as could reach politicians were, like officers similarly situated, in line for all the good jobs. Merit was nothing—pull everything. So these old-timers, in increasing numbers, failed to re-enlist. The greater proportion of the enlisted personnel became recruits. To these young men the traditions of the Navy meant nothing, and could mean nothing, without second- and third-cruise men to pass on the customs and manners. Reports, recommendations, and protests from naval commanders upon personnel went unheeded, until officers grew tired of writing letters. But there was one plan adopted by the Secretary to keep up a show of enlisted strength which is worthy of remark. This was the reform-school method of treating prisoners.

At naval prisons, such as that at Portsmouth, N. H., men, duly found guilty by court-martial of serious offences, are confined for varying terms. It was to this class that Mr. Daniels, early in his term, turned his attention. Very shortly, these men began to reappear in the service, and aboard ships, when they had completed only small fractions of their sentences. Protests came at once, from many commanding officers. As usual, these availed nothing. It is a matter of written record in the Department that not only were thieves lightly sent back to duty, but that men sentenced to long terms for unspeakable crimes against society were released among decent bluejackets. Recent attempts to investigate these matters have been defeated, largely by spiriting away witnesses, but the facts remain. The effect upon the Navy was not long ago brought out by Captain Joseph Taussig. This officer will be remembered as the commander of the first American destroyer division to reach British waters in 1917, and as replying to the question of probable readiness for duty off the Irish coast with the remark: "We're ready now!" Captain Taussig was not allowed the Court of Inquiry which he requested, but he has had the satisfaction of indignantly refusing a "good job for keeping his mouth shut."

Under the growing weight of acts and incidents such as those described, officers and men became disgusted and discouraged. As the inevitable result, talk began every-

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where, in all grades, on all ships. And wherever, in a gathering, criticism was not unanimously bitter, suspicion of brother officers was born. Distrust of seniors grew up with loss of confidence in subordinates. No one could be sure that his neighbor, unless an intimate, was not a tale-bearer. Let an officer be ordered to any good post, he was certain to be labelled by someone as a protégé of the Secretary's. Energy and ambition went the way of initiative. The service attitude became one of trying to keep out of trouble, of waiting with what patience one could muster for a new régime. When the United States finally decided to enter the World War, the Navy shook itself out of its lethargy. Notwithstanding the general knowledge of national unpreparedness, the chance for active service made the prospect bright. It was argued that, in the face of actual war, many of the petty annoyances would disappear, making the redemption of the Navy possible.

However, it shortly became evident that politics still held most of the high cards in the game, as the great expansion of the Navy began. This step, long foreseen and urgently recommended by many officers, had been persistently neglected by the pacifist Administration. It is very doubtful whether it can be shown that one five-cent piece was ever spent for men, ships, munitions, or any other preparation against possible war, at the instigation of Mr. Daniels. Consequently, the enormous work which became inevitable in the first months of 1917 was hurriedly and imperfectly got under way. Immense sums were spent where smaller amounts, applied earlier, would have sufficed. And in the addition of great numbers of temporary officers, many mistakes were made, much injustice was done. So far as the Secretary was interested, his anxiety appears to have been directed toward providing for all the young men whose chief professional qualification was the right political view. He took just as good care of those, among the countless hundreds enlisting, whose names were presented to him by members of Congress or other vote-producers. Thus fine duty and promotion were made easy for reserve stay-at-homes while those on active service abroad, having only the recommendations of their commanding officers, could be safely disregarded. Taking into consideration the amount of major and minor politics involved in the formation of the Reserve, the splendid

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record made by that body, a record ungrudgingly acclaimed by the regular service, is nothing less than extraordinary.

There is a wide-spread current of feeling in the country that Mr. Daniels, through the general performance of his Department during the war, has redeemed himself. It should be distinctly understood that no credit whatever is really due to the Secretary. Whatever of honor and distinction belongs to the Navy is the Navy's own. Practically every military step was taken only after a hard-fought battle between "win the war" and "get the votes."

Captain Leigh Palmer, then acting Rear-Admiral, was by a stroke of good fortune, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, a Bureau second to none in importance. This able officer, on his own responsibility, carried on recruiting after being told to stop it; started training-schools for officers; authorized the spending of necessary money even before it had been appropriated by Congress; and carried opposition to the Secretary's whims to the point of direct disobedience of orders. In a hundred ways Admiral Palmer fearlessly braved the wrathful censure of Mr. Daniels and daily risked his very commission in a service as yet quite unappreciated by the nation. In all of his work, he was assisted, in the Department, by a host of officers too numerous to mention, but well known to the service.

The Navy afloat, on this side of the Atlantic, began and carried on its tasks under the same inspiration. Chief among these tasks was the thankless one of training thousands of raw recruits for duty overseas. Officers of many years experience ate out their hearts in longing for service in Europe while spending hours in unproductive patrolling off our own coast. Time after time they touched the edge of the war-zone, when escorting transports, only to turn back again. Concerning the success of the "Atlantic Ferry," the carrying of millions of soldiers by the Naval Overseas Transport Service, many speeches have been made. But the country probably does not even know the names of Captain Byron Long and ex-Commander Charles Belknap. These officers, the one in London, the other in Washington, were the active working heads whose days and nights were spent in study over this huge piece of work. Neither was selected for the duty by Mr. Daniels, but the high efficiency of both has been credited to his account.

Admiral Sims, in supreme command of the Navy in

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Europe and first selected for the post by the Assistant Secretary, is a figure well known in America. Yet it does not seem to be realized, even now, that the Admiral accomplished much more than the mere building up of an efficient fighting force. As an American of the type of Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt he engendered and fostered, throughout all classes and countries of Europe, a strong liking and a great respect for America. In all his great work he was not ardently supported by the Secretary. Upon the contrary, he was often opposed, frequently thwarted. Many of his recommendations, made as the responsible commander, were absolutely ignored. Most of the backing he got was cabled or mailed to him while the Secretary's back was turned. If submitted to the Secretary, the matter in hand, very likely of vital moment, had to be weighed in the political balance and was apt to be pigeon-holed among rough drafts of campaign speeches. Toward the end of his service in Europe, the Admiral was actually forced to write the Department that he could not perform his duty to his country unless treated with confidence, unless informed of the national policy! For the success of the Admiral, Mr. Daniels accepted the kudos, with the utmost blandness. Quite as readily, he later launched an outrageously spiteful personal attack upon the gallant officer. Admiral Sims can afford to keep silent and to stand upon his record. But the country cannot afford to hesitate in repudiating the attack upon his honor as an officer and a gentleman.

With the close of hostilities, Mr. Daniels's main object became a rapid demobilization. In sending home enlisted men, the political pets naturally came first. This was as evident as it had been in every move before and during the war. But enlistments were very complicated. Before war had been declared, many young men had enlisted for the four-year period, " duration of the war " being a term not then in use. These young men held the enthusiastic belief that war was inevitable. After the declaration, a number of Congressional acts covered various classes of enlistments. It followed that, to meet the situation from the point of view of the Secretary, to provide for all the " constituents," many demobilization orders had to be sent forth to the service. Under these rulings, it shortly became possible for any man to secure his discharge upon one ground or

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another. Dozens were, and still are, discharged "by special order of the Secretary of the Navy," upon the mere request of some one with sufficient political influence. The thousands of men thus lost to the service included great numbers who profited by special rulings made for their shipmates. With shipping-board and other lucrative positions open to them, with "business depression" a vague chimera of the distant future, it is not surprising that men of all ratings took advantage of the opportunities for discharge, or, failing any excuse, simply "jumped ship."

Protests by naval commanders met with their usual reception. The inestimably valuable war-training was thrown overboard, regardless. No attention was paid to the obvious fact that with the glamour of war rubbed off, replacements would be impossible. The equally obvious effect upon millions of dollars worth of material was likewise ignored. "Get my heroes home" was the cry of Mr. Daniels. Naval officers had not been permitted properly to prepare the Navy for war. They had as little to say in preparing it for peace.

To appreciate the result of too-rapid demobilization, one has but to visit any navy yard. This will prove a distressing—more, an alarming experience. At first sight, a very forest of masts and spars may be inspiring. But a little closer approach will bring out the fact that the majority of the ships fly no colors, that no soul moves about their decks. To all intents and purposes they are the dead shells of once living entities. Such few as may still be in commission will be found undermanned in mere numbers, woefully inadequate in trained personnel. This includes all classes of vessels, notably battleships, submarines, and destroyers. In the fall of 1919 only two battleships, the *Delaware* and the *North Dakota,* were considered by naval commanders as even fairly fit for service. Today it is a freely discussed question whether the flagship *Pennsylvania* and her sisters of the Atlantic Fleet, with their shortages and their green crews, can safely leave the docks for anything more than short cruises along the coast. The battleships attending the San Francisco Convention are in little better case. Among a number of submarines based upon Newport there will be found about enough trained men to man one boat. The last war was fought, on the sea, largely by destroyers. In a flotilla of more than three hundred of

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these vessels it is now possible to keep in active operation eighteen on each coast. Any personnel that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen for destroyers, in excess of the needs of the thirty-six boats in full commission, will be spread in a pitifully thin layer over the remainder. Quite unable to operate, the Reserve Squadrons have been gathered in the back waters of several navy yards. From time to time, new vessels, fresh from the hands of the builders, will be added to these potential scrap-heaps. A modern destroyer costs about a million and a half. It takes men, and trained men, merely to lay up her machinery in grease and tallow. Practically speaking, there are no such men left in the Navy.

Officers and men grown gray in the service look with breaking hearts upon its disintegration. They have watched their valiant efforts to save the situation brought to nothing. They have seen preferment offered to, and alas! accepted by, a scattered few of their brothers and shipmates who could not keep loyalty to service and country above something that passes as loyalty to an individual. They have seen merit and initiative pretty well crushed. They have seen "Department General and Special Orders," once documents respected by all hands, come down to convenient, though somewhat stiff, shaving papers. Because of their interpretation of the ethics of "complaining," because families must be supported, most of the officers have said nothing publicly. A few, like Admiral Fiske, have raised their voices. The course set by Admiral Sims has been courageously followed by Admirals Grant, Plunkett, and Decker, by Captains Palmer, Taussig, and Laning, and by a few others. The efforts of these officers have been opposed by gag rules, by politics, and chiefly by national apathy in the matter, so successfully as to dishearten the Navy as a whole. But it would take long searching to find one officer or man who could, in honesty, refuse to subscribe to what has been said here.

Mr. Daniels found the Navy in good material condition, manned by a strong, self-respecting personnel, animated from end to end by a fine spirit and a high purpose.

Mr. Daniels, after seven years in office, will leave the Navy a battered hulk which it will take years of careful repairing to make seaworthy.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL.

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THE NEW POOR AND THE OLD

BY JOHN CORBIN

WE hear much of "the new poor." The people to whom the name applies apparently rejoice in it. Their other name of middle class runs counter to one of our most tenderly cherished illusions, that in America there are no classes. It rubs painfully upon sensibilities that have been acute ever since Matthew Arnold psychologised the dulness of the middle-class mind and denounced the middle-class worship of a barren respectability. "New poor," exhibits one in a light that is dignified, martyrlike; the respectable temperament basks in it.

Of late, however, many of the middle class have ceased to be, in the Victorian sense, middle class. There are millions among our brainworking multitudes whom the epithet fills not with shame but with silent rage. The new poverty is a counter irritant so keen that they no longer feel galled by the old name. They even talk of a Middle-class Union. They have ceased to be class sensitive and have become class conscious. Yet if you ask them precisely what is this middle class which they champion—what are its rights and duties in relation to the other classes—they are inarticulate. They know that when a strike shuts down basic industries or ties up public utilities they have become strikebreakers, and will do so again. That is something; but on the long road which the class is destined to go it is only the first step. Not one white-collar man in ten thousand can visualize his class beyond that detail of the white collar. If any economist or publicist has charted its force lines, his light is beneath a bushel.

By far the best essay is this direction, which is no less excellent because it is the only one that has achieved publicity, is not an essay at all but fiction—unless indeed it is what it purports to be, autobiography. It is called *One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to*

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America. It does not so much discuss the middle class as dramatize it, yet it is all the more suggestive and illuminating. Written from the point of view of the respectable brain worker, it is so far from championing his cause that it scorns and abominates the middle class and glorifies the life of the manual worker. Though it was published four years before the war, the war has only intensified its message and given it a new twist that must make the author, if he thinks clearly and to the finish, sit up and rub his eyes. Let us follow it in brief outline.

William Carleton was a clerk—a native American of Revolutionary stock and like most of his kind an instinctive individualist. Beginning at five dollars a week he rose till he received twenty-five. With every increase he found new needs, for in the best sense of the word he was ambitious. He dressed neatly and well, bought magazines and belonged to a book club. Not to do so was to fall beneath the standards of his kind. Neither he nor his neighbors saved. Present needs were too pressing. And what use had they for capital? At most they aspired to rise to a managerial position—and salary. When Carleton married, his pay was increased to thirty dollars and he took a small suburban cottage.

Marriage found him still a middle class individualist; but it enlarged his ego and refined it. Unpretentiously as the narrative unfolds, it reveals a picture of conjugal happiness full of sweetness and nobility, of normal intelligence and normal ambition. Mrs. Carleton did cooking and house-work, eagerly and happily. But she had a woman's need of her kind, and so they were led into expense for entertainment. There was a child, and both parents skimped to make him feel at ease with the children of the neighborhood—most of whose parents were similarly skimping. Hard as they both toiled, they gave the boy no work beyond his schooling, and "thought him doomed" if they should fail to send him through college and start him in business for himself. Both would have been glad of more children; but as things stood they were scarcely able to pay the bills. Then the heavens fell. Carleton's assistant was in love, and in order to marry offered to do the work of both for a single salary—a document in middle-class solidarity! So Carleton lost his job. He was now thirty-eight and the world of respectable

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clerkdom was overcrowded. He could not find another position.

His attitude toward his neighbors in this crisis is full of the gall of bitterness. As well as Carleton could, he concealed his misfortune. He would not ask his friends for help—what had they to give? He could not even count upon their sympathy. The poor help the poor in misfortune and the rich the rich; but in the middle class they let the stricken deer go weep. In their hearts his neighbors would despise him for his failure, triumph over his fall from the world of respectables—though all knew inwardly that they themselves trembled above the same abyss.

The middle class as Carleton pictures it is a world of high personal virtues, high personal aspirations. With an added touch of social sympathy, of collective imagination and the spirit of a common cause, it would be a world of all that is ideal in citizenship. But, lacking this, it is a world of narrow individualists, of egoists whose only inspiration from without is in matters of external form. From such a combination only one thing can result—universal anguish of spirit. The chapter in which these things appear is called, most appropriately, The Middle-Class Hell.

And then the heavens opened. There was a man, Murphy, who did odd chores in the neighborhood and tended furnaces. Murphy, it appeared, had saved, and had invested his savings in a new slum tenement. And there was also the owner of a bootblacking emporium, Pasquale, who was even more prosperous. How had they got on? By being beautifully free from the standards of respectability. They were immigrants, as Carleton's forebears had been—or so it seemed to Carleton. Why should he not likewise "emigrate to America," and likewise prosper? He took a four-room flat in Murphy's tenement and went to digging in the subway. According to post-bellum standards his pay was incredibly small—nine dollars a week. But it was enough.

The work was hard for his middle-class body, and the life devoid of the outward decencies which he instinctively valued. But from the first he put away one dollar on every Saturday night. If his pay was small, so also were the prices of what he had to buy. Presently his son, inspired by the atmosphere of sound living, began selling papers

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and added four dollars a week to the family income without neglecting school. Such were Carleton's beginnings as a capitalist. Very soon, with his trained mind and his knowledge of business, he saw the short cut to advancement. He learned the language of his fellow workers, studied their character and how to get most work out of them; and so he rose to be foreman. In a night school he mastered the trade of mason. When his savings amounted to a few hundred dollars, he put in his bid for a contract. and got it. From that day he was a capitalist employer and when the narrative closed his business gave promise of becoming "big."

That is only half the story. His life and that of his wife and son were broader, freer, healthier and more truly cultivated than it had ever been in his respectably esthetic and sport-loving suburb. Instead of his country club there were public salt baths, the quasi-public gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A., and public playgrounds. Public night schools and summer schools furnished instruction in all the trades; philanthropic settlements and the like afforded lectures, books, chamber music, even drama and the opera. "Shakespeare and Beethoven, Maeterlinck and Mascagni" ceased to be reading club names and became living artistic personalities. In the crowded middle class, sickness had brought ruinous expense and had threatened the loss of position and salary. Here new work was to be had any day, and the charity hospitals gave bedding and food, and attendance of both doctor and nurse, which for all practical purposes were as good as money could buy. If babies came there was the public lying-in hospital. They came and great was the joy thereof. Politics looms large in the life of the laboring man. With his knowledge of men and affairs, Carleton rose to be a leader in his district. And the necessary expense of his entire existence continued to be eight dollars a week.

To the superficial view it is, as the author intends, an inspiring narrative—a strong man's tonic; and as a description of actual conditions it is unimpeachable. Yet from the post-bellum point of view there is a blind-spot in its outlook, and a big one.

Carleton was not an immigrant, nor were his abilities merely those of the common laborer. In a few months he rose through strata in which most men spend a lifetime—

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that of the Italian or Irish workman; that of the skilled American craftsman; that of the able and intelligent foreman; that of the petty contractor. His rise was the result of two facts, strangely and ironically contrasted. He was of middle-class stock with a middle-class character and a mind educated and trained to brain labor; and, being such, fate threw him in the way of privileges that are beyond the sphere of Americans born and bred but are lavished upon the ignorant alien. And the American author lauds this dispensation, pouring the vials of scorn upon the American middle class.

Who pays for the opportunities that the slums opened up to him? That is the crucial question. According to Carleton, it was "the independently well-to-do American class, who had partly made and partly inherited their fortunes"—philanthropic capitalists, in short. As ward politician he had begun to fall for the doctrines of the proletarian socialists; but his gratitude for these doles of charity "checked such wild thinking."

Could any thinking be as wild as that which centered Carleton's gratitude upon the capitalistic philanthropist, estimable though he may be? Only a small part of the benefactions to the poor are paid for by voluntary contribution. Public parks, play grounds and baths, night schools, trade schools and many hospitals, are supported by the city. The cost falls directly upon all who pay rent and taxes—largely upon the middle class.

But neither philanthropy nor taxes are the mainstay and support of this "America" of the slums. That lies in the relatively high wages that prevail there. Even before the war a high school education and a lifetime of brain labor brought Carleton less than he commanded as a bricklayer after a brief course in the night school. Today the disparity has been doubled and doubled again. The wrong goes far deeper than this. Manual labor is the chief item in the cost of any commodity. The well-known high cost of living is, for the most part, only high wages come home to roost. When wages are raised and raised again the capitalist survives by passing the buck to the consumer. To meet the increased prices, the wage earner has his increased wages. But middle class folk, who cannot pass the buck and whose salaries remain relatively stationary, are crushed lower and lower in the scale of living. In the

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increased wages of manual labor, far more than in taxes, the middle class pays for the opportunities of those who were once called the poor. In escaping from the middle-class hell to the Utopia of the slums, in short, Carleton received freely the benefactions which he had always paid for and never before enjoyed.

Illogical, sardonic, preposterous as the predicament of the middle class has always been, it was rendered acute by the war—so acute that the publicist is beginning to take note of it, though not as a class phenomenon. In a war-time letter to the *New York Times,* Henry Fairfield Osborne described a typical instance, that of a trained scientist:

> A man of very limited income, through years of close economy and saving, has finally gotten together enough money to buy a small piece of land and build a house on it—a home for his wife and children. This involved the assistance of a building and loan company and of the local banks; but after years of effort these loans have been paid off. Owing to the increased cost of living, his small professional income is entirely inadequate; he is now obliged to deprive himself and his family of some of the necessaries of life. Now the state and city come in and put on his house, home and income a heavy tax, which amounts to more than one-tenth of his total income. This tax is partly used to give free education to aliens resident in his community. The money which these people should spend for the education of their children, under a system of enforced taxation for educational purposes, they are hoarding to send over to Europe. They are not obliged either to become citizens or to pay taxes, but the schools and all the other free advantages of the American system are wide open to them—free hospitals, free dispensaries, free day nurseries, free baths, free public lectures, free music—all of which they accept without giving any corresponding return to the community in which they live, or feeling any responsibility in its government.

Though Professor Osborne has "devoted the last quarter of a century to free education" he has come to believe that it "is greatly overdone" and urges that the laboring man be made to pay his share toward what he gets. The thing that is "gained without cost" is "accepted without gratitude."

Note that though Professor Orborne starts out as a champion of the professional brain worker his only constructive idea has reference to people of the slums. He wants to make them "feel responsible" for the government — a government that deprives its oldest and best of the national largess in order to lavish it upon the immigrant day laborer. It is a responsibility which the immigrant might

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shrewdly disclaim — and generally does disclaim, together with any possible notion of gratitude.

For us others the time has come when we can no longer disclaim responsibility — or, in fact, conceal our resentment. What then are the economic and social force lines which "Carleton" so grotesquely misconceived? What, in particular, is the situation as regards the old poor and the new? It is a wide field of inquiry, much neglected and overgrown with weeds of traditional fallacy and popular misconception. Yet the essential facts are fairly obvious, once they are stated.

In the modern world, it has been said, there are three great religions: Capitalism, Trade Unionism and Socialism. The epigram is rude, but it has a certain force. Not the least claim upon attention is the fact that it credits the middle class with no religion — not because they have no great, informing passion of the spirit, though that is the fact, but because as usual they are forgotten. Yet a brief survey of the other classes in their modern relations will suggest, perhaps, that a religion is soon to be born to the middle class, a greater religion which is the product of the other three.

Capitalism and trade unionism are natively American, sprung from our racial inheritance and spontaneously developed here. If we are unaware of their religious quality it is because they are instinctive, intimately pervading all our thought and all our living — a thing which our acknowledged religions conspicuously fail to do. Capitalism is, for the time being, on the defensive. It is not merely that labor is in the ascendant. The fiasco of the Interchurch World drive, together with the disturbing revelations of the Steel-Strike report, showed that capital has lost touch even with our ministers — whose own hard lives under the current régime have inclined them to that stripe of radicalism which champions the old poor. But let us not deceive ourselves! Capitalism is still our one great national religion, the thing that has led our country forward in so far as it has progressed.

Trade unionism is the religion of the skilled as opposed to the unskilled workman, the organized craftsman as opposed to the mainly unorganized day laborer. In its social outlook, and especially in its callous or unthinking conduct toward the middle class, it has been as self-cen-

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tered and domineering as capital ever was. When the Allied cause was concretely put up to it, it proved, like capital, adequately patriotic — at its own price. Quite as much as capital, it prospered through the war. Yet it is probably less powerful and sound than a casual view might indicate. Time was when the trade unionist dreamed of the good of his craft, of unionism in general, for which he was willing to pour out his savings like water, to suffer hunger and bring deprivation upon those he loved. Then his "religion" was in its prime. But with some four millions of men enrolled or affiliated under the American Federation of Labor, mainly prosperous and advancing and with tens of millions of dollars in its treasuries, his fighting edge is dulled. He has much to lose in open war and much to gain by peace. Many or most of the strikes of 1919-20 were "outlaws," called by radicals in defiance of the great Federation leaders. The steel strike was reluctantly authorized under pressure of the radical element and received support which was only half-hearted, in spite of Mr. Gompers' fulminations. The railway Brotherhoods have been especially strong for peace and prosperity. There is a legend that the president of one of them started up in bed one night with beads of sweat on his brow—he had dreamed that his men had forced him to call a strike.

The truth is that the trade unionist is the stable aristocrat in the world of labor, having his own home and bank account and often wages that rise above the salaries of college professors — even of many State Governors. The Federation leaders rage against the "tyranny" of capital and shout that "the toilers" never, never, shall be slaves; but their actual deeds, and all their more measured utterances, show that they are guided, quite as much as the captain of industry is guided, by the prevailing economic theory. Both trade unionist and capitalist are true Americans whose daily prayer is for business as usual.

The trade unionist is equally menaced, moreover, by the rising tide of radicalism. The Federation originated among skilled workmen, who were organized along the lines of their separate trades—blacksmiths, foundrymen, machinists, etc.—and who held in common contempt the ignorant, unskilled workman; but it has of late witnessed the rise, and listened to the claim, of the new "industrial" type of union. This ignores all lines of trade or craft in

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order to unite each industry as a unit — including with a minority of skilled workers the vast majority of the unskilled. When the Federation launched the steel strike it had to work through twenty-four different "international" unions, each of them having local units in the steel industry, and furthermore it had to organize the vast army of the unskilled. The lethargy, parsimony and jurisdictional bickerings of officers not directly interested in the steel workers were largely responsible for the failure of the strike. If the steel trade had been organized on the "industrial" plan, as a single autonomous unit, the strike would have paralysed the industry at a blow and would have been fought out under united leadership—and finances. Now the rank and file of industrial workers, who are generally ignorant and often foreigners, are putty in the hands of the able organizers of revolution—which is why Mr. Gompers and his lieutenants oppose the industrial type of union. Before the war many of these radical leaders—call them I. W. W.'s, Syndicalists, Bolshevists or National Guildsmen, as you will—became discouraged with the futility of their separate and rival movements and announced a policy of "boring from within" the Federation — which was already dangerously honeycombed with Socialism. If one can credit the purpose which they announced, as in W. Z. Foster's *Syndicalism,* they intend to organize all basic industries on the new "democratic" plan, gain control of the fabulously rich treasuries of the Federation, and so work the great and final revolution of which they dream.

Thus a cycle of growth is closing. In its origin the Federation was a revolt against the unskilled workman — specifically the Knights of Labor, the sensational but momentary power of which was based upon the shifting sands of the laboring class as a whole. Today the unskilled, rapidly organizing by the units of industry and led by first-class fighting men, are threatening the old-time craftsmen of the Federation with a struggle for domination.

Every year is giving new evidence of their power. The steel strike, the soft coal strike, the New York port strikes and the outlaw railway strike of 1919-20 were technically failures; but they are not accounted failures by their leaders. Paradoxical as it may seem, these men find a greater profit in defeat than in victory — provided only that beneath each uprising there is a substantial grievance.

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"Thank God," one of them exclaimed, "the strikes are coming thick — and unsuccessful!" The laborer who fights to redress a real grievance, suffers hunger and privation, and in the end creeps back to work defeated, is the prime material out of which revolutionists are made. When the time comes — if it does come — they may be relied upon to shut down basic industries, tie up public utilities, and so freeze us and starve us into doing their will. Nor is there lacking a programme for the revolutionary reconstruction of the nation. At the annual meeting of the Federation at Montreal in 1920, the radicals proposed a resolution in favor of the public ownership and "democratic operation" of the railways. Though the name of the Plumb Plan was not used, the principle is the same, deriving from English Guild Socialism — the latest and by far the most workable form which the Marxian doctrine has assumed. Incidentally it is, in general, the form of Socialism which the Bolshevists profess as their end — the dictatorship of the proletariat being proclaimed as an unfortunate but necessary transition to the true "industrial democracy." At Montreal Mr. Gompers and his lieutenants fought the Guildsmen to the last ditch, but were overwhelmingly defeated.

All that separates us from the total reconstruction of our industrial and economic fabric, and of society as a whole, is the difference between declaring a programme and achieving it. The distance is not as wide as it may seem. Even if the inflammatory project of the borers from within should fail — and the decisive test is still to come — the dominant majority of the Federation are Guildsmen. In the great industrial unions the rank and file are of a dangerous type — men largely of a different race from the "old" North European immigration that brought us the founders of the Federation. They have very little sympathy with our instincts, and no true sense of our institutions — except as they feel the pinch of them. Yet under our democratic theory day laborers are our equals, and under our political practice they may outvote us, imposing upon us what we perforce must recognize as the sovereign will.

Against them are arrayed only two thoroughly class-conscious forces, old-school trade unionism and capitalism. And these, though their ideas and interests are essentially at one, have traditionally engaged in bitter warfare. Neither is able to break a general strike, nor could they do so if

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they combined. They are equally powerless to command a majority at the polls. There are only two forces, that is unless a third force should join with them — the force of what we vaguely know as the middle class. In its lethargic and justly despised past it has been conservative voting, joining with capital and the old-school Federationist to maintain the established order. But it is no longer lethargic, nor safely to be despised. It is rapidly becoming class conscious — which is to say that, as between the radicals and the conservatives, it easily holds the balance of power. Potentially it is the greatest fighting force in the nation.

On which side will the middle class ultimately array itself? There are two divergent tendencies. Already the new poor are honeycombed with socialism and they are beginning to be organized on a trade union basis. Strong bodies of school teachers, musicians, actors are affiliated with the unions of manual laborers, and subject to the authority of the Federation leaders. Among college professors and ministers, the radical tendency is stronger than many of us realize — a radicalism that is blind to its own class interest. The Interchurch World report on the steel strike, though made by a committee including three Bishops, is a demonstrably partisan document, arraigning the Company for conditions which, though damaging enough, are only in part of its own making, and sophisticating or positively misrepresenting the radical aims of the strike leaders. Though these clergymen were engaged in a "drive" to relieve their own bitter poverty, they wrecked it by stepping aside for a partisan crusade in behalf of the old poor—most of whom have long received wages higher than the salaries of all but the most highly paid ministers.

The contrary tendency is that of the men who broke the coal strike in Kansas, the outlaw railway strike in the East. And with these we may ultimately find reason to include a quasi-middle-class element, also economically put upon by labor, the farmers. Instinctively these men realize that their own good, and the good of the nation, requires that they shall resist the threatened dominance of the radical. Decidedly, they are not of a mind to go down into the slums with Carleton in order to reclaim their own. They demand that life shall be made possible in the sphere to which they were born; they demand that it shall afford to them, to their children and to their children's children,

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wholesome food and clothing, an inspiring social life and an education enabling them, when they are fit, to live onward and upward as their forefathers did. Are they not right? Is it not true that only thus can the character and brain force of the American people be continued? Instead of lavishing our resources upon the old poor, in the name of democratic equality, is it not wiser to grant a practical inequality and open up the opportunities of American life to those best able to give the nation an adequate return?

Is it a fact, either practically or theoretically, that all men are created equal? Ever since 1776 the question has been raised. John Fiske declared that no sound mentality was ever perplexed by it. But that was before we had extended its application from the loquacious forum of politics to the armed camp of industry, before the old immigration from the north of Europe had given way to the new immigration from the east and south. As applied to industry, the logical culmination of the doctrine of equality is, and can only be, Guild Socialism. All workmen would have an equal right to elect their foremen — and all others in authority up to those who control capital and invent new processes. Our incomparably efficient and productive corporations would be ruled, as our municipalities and our States and our national government are ruled, not by experts, free-handed and self-made, but by a party system and partisan leaders who hold their own intelligence and patriotic fervor firmly in leash while they prostrate their long and pliant ears to the ground. If our basic industries were as crudely conducted as our political state—think of it! That is the menace of Guild Socialism, and under the doctrine of industrial equality there is no other possible eventuality — unless, indeed, Guild Socialism should develop over night, as in Russia, into the most hideous of all tyrannies. Is it not time that we searched a little more diligently for whatever truth there may be — and falsehood—in the phrase of Jefferson?

In the century and a half since he declared a universal equality as the principle for which our forefathers were in rebellion, we have produced many men of the stamp of our first "philosopher statesman," but only one man who has rivaled Jefferson in scope and influence. The entire solution of our problem is contained, as the oak in the acorn, in a single sentence of Woodrow Wilson. In his campaign

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of 1912, speaking of the problem of Chinese and Japanese immigration, he declared that he stood for the policy of exclusion. His reason was the familiar and conclusive reason, that the Oriental laborer can always, as Lafcadio Hearn expressed it, "underlive" the American, and so either fatally lower his economic and social standards or deprive him eventually of his birthright. "The success of free democratic institutions demands of our people education, intelligence and patriotism; and the State should protect them against unjust and impossible competition. Democracy rests upon the equality of the citizen."

The saying is stupendously, though perhaps unconsciously, significant. In order that men shall be economically and politically equal, they must be equal in fact. Those who are not equal in fact must be excluded from the country. *Democracy rests upon the equality of the citizen!* All men are created equal, in short, excepting only when they happen to be unequal. Following out the logic of the phrase, might we not discriminate against "unequal" men of any race or color, even excluding them from the franchise? Does the South need any other warrant for its treatment of the negro? In brief, we have another of those gigantically self-revealing phrases — which reveal a self so different from the one intended. A bright, new, shiny idea has been caught for a moment in the filmy mesh of a phrase — but escapes before it can be woven into the durable fabric of thought. John Fiske had a sense of humor; surely his ghost must be laughing — at himself and at one other.

Let us not be rudely hilarious. Every true American knows in his heart that there is a deep thought, a high aspiration, in our racial doctrine of equality. None the less, when it comes to a concrete predicament, whether of Chinese cheap labor or of social revolution, every true American, whatever the chaos of his thinking, feels as Woodrow Wilson felt. We cannot permit the ignorant alien, whose ways are not our ways and whose God is not our God, to underlive us and outvote us. Somewhere and somehow there is a principle above equality. Until we find out what it is, and how it is to be reconciled with the spirit of our republic, we shall have no defense of reason against those who with "Carleton" laud the abasement of true-born Americans in behalf of the old poor.

JOHN CORBIN.

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NEWSPAPER ENGLISH

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

BERGDOLL "got what was coming to him," said the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* in an editorial and straightway apologized for the phrase. Unnecessary! The phrase was good English, good newspaper English. John Dewey is a philosopher foremost in our day. Few living, I think none, have more affected teaching for the better. The world of thought is his debtor; not the world of action. In his last article he says of the war:—"Most of the talk about justice and self-determination was bunk." He would not and should not apologize over the last word; though the future may challenge his utterance. A prophet is not without wisdom, save in his own time.

Over the use of "bunk" in an editorial many a good leader-writer would have a creepy distrust. We shun crisp diction, fresh from the people. So all speech began. When a tongue ceases to spawn new words, fresh phrases, novel images, thought and progress stop also. Keats added over one hundred and fifty new words to the vocabulary of verse. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and its sequel "Lewis Carroll" (Charles L. Dodgson) added at least two-score. These are of imagination all compact. New thought; new words. The closer to daily life and speech is the writer's pen or the click of the type-writer keys, the more active, the more efficient, the more effective is the utterance of the writer and the life of the people. So long as accepted and acceptable writing accepts and shares the daily changes of the vocabulary of the market-place; so long as both live and move and have their being in the sun of passion, action and achievement, the more lasting, pungent and penetrating is the literature of the period.

The reverse has been but too often tried. We know through human experience long and wide what comes to

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land and people when the writer's pen separates from the speech of the soil and of the current day. These fossils of literature are built into the dead annals of the history of many lands and letters also. They exist at the present time in the mummied tongues of today.

Invasion or isolation, new contacts with foreign trade or internal development bring into being at some spot a new language. Shock or struggle within or without, the inspiration of a new faith or a new civilization straightway add one more to the world's literature. Happy he who writes in a tongue untouched, with diction unused and words unsullied, with the bloom and sharp edge of fresh-minted coin. Out of these conditions came Mohammed's *Koran* fount and foundation of a new faith and a new literature in a new tongue, in which before, no one had said anything save seven short poems, as long as *Lycidas* or *Venus and Adonis*. The best of the *Koran* matches any creative work in the same field, the field of Job, Hebrew prophecy and Psalms at their best. This one book, two-thirds as large as the New Testament, created a new religion, a new code, a new philosophy of thought and action, a new empire, new history, unto this present hour.

"God gave the book to those who love Him," said Mohammed. So of all great letters and so of the newspaper daily, dear in making and reading to those who desire morning and evening to know the day's divine event, newly made. But all the varied *mélange* of the *Koran,* lofty verse, philosophy, legislation, folk-lore, tales of the market, legends, Rabbinical and Christian, half understood, these for all the centuries to come were made the sole, sufficient and final guide in Arabic on words, meanings, phrasing, sentencing, locutions, paradigms, syntax and rhetoric. All writers, save the happy "large few stars" that create a new literature, are oppressed with authority as to words, sentences, subjects and method. We are always looking back instead of forward to see how the man who is dead did it. Writers carry through life the uneasy consciousness that somewhere, somewhen, somehow, there is a formula. Authority and precedent have their value to society. Even there, they do harm. To the writer, they are fatal. A school of journalism swarms with young men and women who expect to be shown how to write. It is the business of the school to fill them with knowledge, to

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inspire them with principle, to force them to read the great in letters and then put the young cubs on the trail of news and opinion with technical knowledge of "editing" broadly considered. The only thing certain about the best "newspaper story" of yesterday is that it is not the best way for tomorrow. It is easy in teaching writing to correct grammar, point out solecisms, misused words, an awkward construction, an ill arrangement; but how to write well and effectively, a man must learn for himself by endless toil, with now and then a hint as to a happy phrase by one who writes better. Style is half imitation, half creation.

The open proof of this is the gigantic experiment of the Arab and Moslem world in taking a work, great in the higher arts of expression in prose and verse, which remade half the old Roman world and created anew in religion, in philosophy, in rule, in architecture, in all the decorative arts and in twelve centuries of history, and making the usage of this book the rule of the writer for all time in Arabic and in associated tongues, like Persian and Turkish. Those who adventure on prose or in verse in any of these tongues, but most of all in Arabic are profoundly influenced and controlled by the inexorable tradition and standard of the *Koran* and the *Seven Poems* I have mentioned, the *Moallakat* and in general by the words and usage of the Prophet and the first century after him.

The spoken tongue of Arabic went the way of all the languages of the earth. It developed racy and idiomatic dialects. They differed in pronunciation, but less than most off-shoots from a central tongue. They are often cited as mutually incomprehensible to each other. This is an error. I have talked with men speaking these dialects from the Tigris to the Atlantic, from the flank of the South slope of the Taurus to Yemen in South Arabia.

These Arab dialects have a charming folk-lore and folk-song. They have their verse and their prose. They have absorbed foreign words. They have modified paradigm and syntax. They meet all the needs of the common day. But no one accepts these tongues for literature. If one is to write verse that commands attention and gives him a place in letters, he turns to the Arabic of thirteen centuries ago. If he writes prose, he must turn to the ancient vocabulary of the past. All that has come to the tongue since

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that period must be excluded. Even an editorial in a daily Arabic paper is apt to use the diction of the past.

So our Hellenic friends have deprived the plain man and woman in Greece of the reading of the New Testament in a tongue understanded of the people by making it a penal offence to sell or give away a copy of the New Testament in Romaic or modern Greek, because ancient Greek is the tongue of Greece. Nothing must be done to break this fiction. Greek editors and Greek authors painfully use in its old form a tongue that has gone through a thousand years of change. More ancient Greek words are used now, more ancient forms; but the practical result is that Greece has two tongues, one used by the educated, modelled on a dead language and the tongue used by the great mass as their day by day speech.

In a reverse effort Spanish literature has tried to impose on Catalonia the classic Castilian, the tongue of Cervantes and Ibanez, with a similar dislocation between the language of books and the speech of daily life. In Greece a strong party fights for Romaic, Modern Greek, and are held traitors to Hellenic tradition just as the Catalans, who have revived the use in letters of an ancient and effective tongue, are stigmatized as secessionists, false to the unity of Spain, though in Catalonia the familiar speech is older than Castilian Spanish.

Because China is older, the problem there is more complex. Confucius and the earlier classics wrote in the tongue they used daily. This became the tongue of letters. The language of the mass in nearly three thousand years has changed to a local patois, unintelligible from province to province. While the words have changed, the characters that represent them are unchanged. Letters and official life keep the tongue of the past, unintelligible to the many. This thin film stretches over the great Empire, the only means of communication. Below are the vast millions with no common medium. This palsies progress and creates impenetrable social non-conductors between the masses of each of the provinces. One more old tongue which prevents any common movement and must for years to come make a real union of the Chinese people as a whole impossible while current " revolutions " are the work of the very few literate.

Always in these cases and many similar among ancient

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tongues that began literature, written or unwritten, these phenomena occur and recur and the same results follow—unchanged and ancient tongues used by the learned few while the speech of the many divides and changes until the speech of the past and of the priestly and scholared few stand apart. Why have the English-speaking peoples kept together, while other races are divided by dialects? Today we are one hundred and sixty million strong and we can understand each other from the pines and oaks of the Orkneys, across America to the pines and palms of New Zealand.

In all the tongues I have marshalled, there came a period of the greater letters. Such periods are few. We complain of current literary mediocrity. This is the rule. A literary period which inspires and commands a tongue and a race is of the rarest. The English-speaking race has had but one, from the first play of Shakespeare in 1591 to the close of *Paradise Lost* in 1665. Take out King James' version of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon—what is left of leadership in the prose and verse of the Englishry in world letters? Yet the race has had its writers for a thousand years and fifteen from the defeat of the Danes to the defeat of the Germans. A span of eighty years takes us from Aeschylus to Plato, from Catullus to Virgil. Take these periods, Dante and Homer, out of European letters and what is left? Drum and fife, tinkling brass and sounding cymbal for the march of lesser men in the pageant of letters.

These periods of inspiration come with some one of the mightier literature or of the world religions. No great faith has won its place without the gift of expression and of utterance. Even Christianity has only prospered as some great translation gave its message. Now that at last we know out of what manner of substance the members of the New Testament were fashioned together, we see with what simple but surpassing effect its brief annals are presented in the Greek of the many and not of the few as was meet with a message heard gladly by the common people. When these fruitful and teeming moments come, big with the future of a new tongue, a new literature and a new faith, all men, all races have desired to build three tabernacles on this Mount of Transfiguration and abide in them, hearing these voices forever. Every successive writer yearns to write in

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this dialect with this vocabulary and the foolish learned desire and command that he shall.

But while the books of the few, be they literature or only just writing, change not, the tongue of the mass can be held in no such silken leading strings. No one can put a hook into the nose of that leviathan of language, the utterance of the many. Every generation it changes. New words come in. Old words go out. Events bear new words. A great war is as good as the publication of a new glossary. Conquerors or slaves come in, it matters not which. They bring their words with them. Accents move forward or backward, under some subtle law not deciphered. Complicated paradigms, elaborate declensions and conjugations are worn smooth, clipped, dropped or elided. Affixes and suffixes and pestilent little syllables dropped in the middle of verbs and nouns are swallowed like Korah's children.

The written tongue of letters keeps them. The spoken word sheds them in the tides of time like a swimmer in a one-piece bathing suit. A circumflex will remain in French, the touchstone of a missing s which hissed through Latin centuries and grew soft and disappeared in the liquid note of the Midi. The trick of the triple *l*'s in Arabic will be lost and, as a little manual of pronunciation I picked up in Morocco tells of an ancient leader of the prayers of the Faithful that he spoke the three *l*'s as none had since the days of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet and none will until Gabriel calls the tribes of men to judgment. Chinese becomes a question of tones incredibly difficult to learn. English drops its h's in its 'Ome and Hell retains the absent letter among a people schooled by the Puritan school-master. Broader and more impassable becomes the gap between daily gab and the measured " regular " speech of the learned and lettered. Jerome's masculine version of the Bible, an amazing translation, the unsurpassed monument of the later Latin, will give priests, clerks and statesmen a common tongue over all Europe while the unlearned and unlettered scatter in two great sundered flocks wandering like sheep without a shepherd in the branching tracks of the two great pastures of European tongues, Teuton and Romance, with the hybrid offspring fringing the borderlands of each.

Our one hundred and sixty million, spread over the isles of the Oceans and throned on a Continent, show less

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differences in the tongue of highways and the hedges, of the mart and the academy, in factory and fashion, than exists in peoples of a fourth our number. Why?

First, because your Protestant insisted that every man must hear the Pentecostal message and read it as well in the tongue in which he was born. In general literacy, in the determination that the whole population shall read and write, the English folk lead all the world but the Protestant lands of Europe and of Bohemia, so early Protestant in spirit.

Second, because the American newspaper, the English colonial press and in a measure the press of the United Kingdom has been hospitable and ready to accept the illegitimate verbal offspring of the street, born on the "wrong side of the blanket" of scholarship and of the printing press.

We of the craft of the newspaper have treated these words as Shakespeare treated Faulconridge who gave him, when needs were, the center of the stage. Samuel Johnson wanted us all to go on writing like Addison, Steele and himself. If he had won out we should have had, as in French, a phrasing of the Academy for leader and chronique and another for the street and the provinces. It is one of the advantages of reading Willy that you find in her pages the French people really use. I am emboldened to introduce her to the august pages of this REVIEW because she is the favorite novelist of the philosopher, Bergson.

But English, unlike French, Spanish and Italian, or even German, is essentially one. Our vocabulary is prodigious even in the newspaper. I have met, without ever really knowing, a journalist who after forty years of work counted the words he knew he had used in every twentieth page of Webster's Unabridged. The result showed that he had employed in all about thirty to thirty-five thousand words. Try the test if you are a writer and you will be startled how a word you have once used springs to memory as you march up and down Webster's broad thoroughfare of words. What a range the newspaper has. Through its catholic use of language, English has been kept like a marching regiment in close formation. Shibboleths excite in newspaper English, but not dialects. We have at least eighty per cent of the newspaper circulation of the world. Our consumption of newsprint points to that. In the old, old days, when the exchange desk had not lost its high

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place in the newspaper office, I read exchanges for some months. The list covered the world of newspapers in English. There I told Lanigan of the Akhoond of Swat, who had come to the *World* office in a single A. P. "flash," and there too in the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* I read the *City of Dreadful Night,* which swept me with seething memory of an August night in Mosul. The English of the newspapers on that exchange list in all the homes of our brotherhood of the imposing stone, was careless and promiscuous but it never merits the other accusation. The newspaper has done world wide work in leadership by keeping us all reading and therefore speaking the same English.

If Samuel Johnson had had his way we should have become like the "Doktoren" of the German leader writers, men who write in a literary tongue. The greatest of them does not. Wilkes and Junius, particularly Junius, misled us for awhile. Even over here, until Hale made over the American editorial in the Boston *Advertiser,* we were wandering in a desert of polyglottic dignity.

One, Benjamin Franklin, saved us. He and Johnson lived parallel lives. Johnson was born three years later and he died six years earlier than Franklin. Both wrote early and they wrote to the last. Each turned to the periodical. They knew men, letters and affairs. On opposing sides, they fought the issues and the battle of our Revolution. Johnson died just as Franklin signed the treaty of peace and of independence. In the lists of public opinion, the style of Franklin was pitted against the style of Johnson. He was the inventor of newspaper English, direct, immediate, knowing humor as well as argument, using the speech of the people. The literary world in England and here accepted the style of Johnson; the world of men and of events the style of Franklin.

The world is unconsciously ruled by it today. We all walk in Franklin's path for ill or well. Samuel Johnson is a back number. His resonance, his even and easy flow, his antithetic sentence, his sense of the past, his vast vision of the long march of European tongues from the stylus to the printing press, these are gone. He is with the other Pharaohs of the captivity and isolation of literature. Franklin was not altogether alone. Defoe was before him. Cobbett came after. But more than any other one man, Franklin, the newspaper man, saved us from a sepa-

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ration and divorce of the English of the people and the English of the writer. The temptation was to make the prose of the eighteenth century a standard. Instead, the current of the talk of the many and the diction of the writer merged. The new words and phrases, the changes in the details of speech, slang and the imagery of our American speech, all these, through the newspapers, found their way into print and acceptance in the American newspaper. The "column" is a sort of bedding-bench where the new phrases and words of the hour are set out as the gardener beds and pots young plants before they go to live in the garden-beds with an older bloom. The sporting-page diffuses the argot of the hour in every athletic field. What use a genius like O. Henry made of all this in what we all admit is literature; but how few of us, alumni of a morning daily now gone, saw this when our Washington despatches and city reports jostled his work in the New York *Sun*.

If any one desires to know how slang should be and can be introduced to better company study O. Henry. He uses it for atmosphere and flavor and does not make it the warp and woof of his fabric as the baseball reporter does too often. Even in this difficult and cryptic field how easily does a master-hand like Mr. Grantland Rice of the New York *Tribune* combine the picturesque technique of the bleachers with dignity, precision and strokes of illuminating humor worthy any field. Charles A. Dana had no hesitation in the use by his staff of any two-fisted phrase of the streets so it did its work. He himself was keenly awake to every change in a living tongue like English and no style could be purer and more impeccable than his, born of study of an amazing capacity for language, a scholar in that practical philology which aids a man to use his own tongue the better and more effectively.

The daily risk of newspapers and the individual newspaper is that it will have an editorial dialect of its own, that reporting will become reportese, that criticism will be nothing more than shaking a kaleidoscope of adjectives usually laudatory and that each department will obscure its message to the average man by using terms known on Wall street, in trade, in the court-room or "sports" and "theatrical" columns but fully understood nowhere else. The one sure and only way to avoid this and instead to keep newspaper English a living link between the letters of the

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past and the speech of the present, is to know both, to live in great letters as well as to live by the last news. Unless this be done, newspaper English will become but a dialect and newspaper readers be separated from the diction of the past. If any young writer ask how best to do this, let him, not only live with the great, but train his sense of words by freely using the Concordance of Shakespeare, the Bible, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning and Wordsworth. These are the true guide and dictionary of the writer in the use and meaning of words.

The office of newspaper English is to be the interpreter of the ways and works of all men and all women to each and all. For this, it needs to draw freely from all sources and to share the beatitude of Isaiah, "Blessed are ye who sow beside all waters." Nothing is too recent in slang for its columns, and nothing too old in classic letters.

Occasions there are and subjects, or weighty or solemn or both, which every trained newspaper man knows call for the English of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of the loftiest prose. Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* has but three words not in the Bible, "continent," "proposition" and "civil," and these are all in Shakespeare. This is the diction in which a man should soak himself, if he wishes to have weight with those who read. He will know then when wisely to add the word of the hour.

Taken as a whole the newspaper was never better written and never did its work better in any of its fields. If you doubt this, read the files! They will dispel the myth of a past when all wrote well on some daily; but the highest success of newspaper English and the most important office and duty has been discharged in keeping the great march of English abreast and preventing a great tongue from being divided into a language of the past for letters and a language of the present for common and daily use, neither sharing the life of the other.

TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

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THE CENSOR AND THE MOVIE "MENACE"

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

IN my contribution to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S recent discussion on the "Menace of the Movies," I have no wish to examine the reasons for the fascinating hold of the moving picture upon the public, but it is my intention instead to explain the quarrel of the people, or that part of the people who have a responsible social sense, with the moving picture on moral grounds.

That there exists a deep seated feeling unfavorable to the film, unless it shall first have passed through the hands of competent officers, who shall inspect it, to see what it contains, is undoubted. The declarations of large numbers of secular organizations dedicated to the cause of social betterment, as well as many religious and semi-religious bodies, are proofs that the manufacturer who, for his profit, will pander to the people's lowest tastes, will not for very long go forward uncontrolled. The rules which T. P. O'Connor enforces as the Film Censor of Great Britain; those which must be heeded in Quebec, Ontario and all the provinces of Canada, in Australia and in Japan; in Pennsylvania, Chicago and several other States and cities in this country, are founded upon a conviction that there are common public rights which must be guarded as this great new industry proceeds on its victorious course. The fact that there were bills proposing boards of review before the legislatures of some twenty-five or thirty States last year, and that these proposals will reappear in the same legislatures next year, and thereafter, if necessary, until they are enacted into law, further confirms the observant man, whether he be in or out of the industry, in the knowledge that in the belief of those who, guided by a conscientious purpose, usually cause their views to prevail in the end, there is a "menace" which calls for community action at once.

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The nature of the picture man's offense is not difficult to state by one who has gained a familiarity with the whole film output, as it comes to the projection rooms of a board of review like that in Pennsylvania, for, let us say, five years, as I have done, seeing and considering it each day with the aid of my colleagues and assistants to the extent of from 12,000,000 to 20,000,000 feet annually. The experienced British Board of Film Censors has classified its objections under a variety of heads. Omitting those which are dictated by considerations of public policy due to the war, they are seen by reference to a recent report to include the following:

Indecorous, ambiguous and irreverent titles and sub-titles.
Cruelty to animals.
The irreverent treatment of sacred subjects.
Drunken scenes carried to excess.
The modus operandi of criminals.
Cruelty to young infants and excessive cruelty and torture to adults, especially to women.
The exhibition of profuse bleeding.
Nude figures.
Offensive vulgarity and impropriety in conduct and dress.
Indecorous dancing.
Excessively passionate love scenes.
Gruesome murders and strangulation scenes.
Executions.
The effects of vitriol throwing.
The drug habit, e.g. opium, morphia, cocaine, etc.
Subjects dealing with the white slave traffic.
Scenes depicting the effect of venereal diseases, inherited or acquired.
Themes and references relative to " race suicide."
Materialization of the conventional figure of Christ.

Turning to Pennsylvania, which has taken a leading position in this department of community service in this country, it is plain that its rules reflect the same standards of moral feeling and are aimed at the correction of the same evils. It could not be otherwise for the material under review comes from the same source. It appears that more than 90 per cent of all the film shown in Great Britain originates in the United States.[1] Last year we exported to that and other foreign countries enough cinema ribbon to girdle the earth twice at the Equator. The law in

[1] Report of British Cinema Commission of Inquiry, pp. xxxi and 15 on the testimony of Mr. O'Connor.

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Pennsylvania, which has been serving as a model for the rest of the country, prohibits what is "sacrilegious, obscene, indecent or immoral," and "may tend to debase or corrupt morals," and the definitions given to these words as a result of the observations of the members of the board in that State have led to the use of a code very similar to that which guides the gentlemen who have control of the subject in England. Not very different standards direct the course of the boards of review in other parts of the United States and in Canada, and I infer from the information furnished me by Mr. Tachibana, the censor in Tokio, that like views of what is proper and improper actuate the authorities in Japan, for they forbid—

"What represents action too cruel and atrocious, disgusting and obscene conduct . . . and vulgar . . . love affairs."

"What shows or suggests methods of committing crime or the means of covering up crime which may lead to imitation."

I am no friend of the censor as such, or for the matter of that to any name or political order which suggests governmental control. Indeed I am an individualist who would dwell in the Arcadian state of Herbert Spencer, wherein men interact one upon another in complete freedom. But here are exceptional needs to cover the exceptional case. It is plain that such an officer is acting upon no very new principle. We censor our own thoughts before we utter them if we are esteemed as neighbors and citizens. This essay will be reviewed and censored before it shall come forth in print. The book, the magazine, the journal, the advertisement are edited. Precisely this function is performed by an officer who surveys the moving picture. He edits the film before it is presented to public view. That he acts for the State instead of some other interest cannot alter the form of the service which he performs.

It should be, I believe, not much more unpalatable to the author of a play or a novel to have his story changed by any censor — more or less competent — put forward for the work than by the producer, director or "scenario writer" in a picture studio. As a matter of fact I shall catch the spirit of his work in all probability more successfully, alter his script in much less radical ways than those worthies, and, if I make excisions and reconstructions, I shall, three times out of four, leave the film nearer the au-

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thor's original form than I found it. I, as a censor, have never taken Clyde Fitch's play *The Bachelor,* and called it *The Virtuous Vamp;* Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton,* and called it *Male and Female; La Tosca,* and called it *The Song of Hate; The Jewels of the Madonna,* and called it *Sin; La Gioconda,* and called it *The Devil's Daughter.* The celluloid people have done these things. And there is no writer, openly or secretly, who does not rave at the slashing and cutting which goes on behind his back by the film makers.

Some producers take 200,000 feet of film for a picture which in the end will measure only 7,000 or 8,000 feet—twenty feet, therefore, for one foot intended for final use. All directors make much more than they need and then by a process of selection, of editing and censoring, and re-editing and re-censoring present us with the finished thing. Is it then so very extraordinary a proposal that some one, seeing all from a height and representing the common interest, should have an editor's powers over what in the film output shall appear to contravene public policy?

I find nothing strange in such an exercise of power with reference to an agency which carries messages so vivid and impressive to the population. It is not more oversight than we give to a hundred other subjects—not more, let us say, than the supervision of the food supply or the automobile. We require that meats, eggs, butter and milk shall be wholesome when they are set out for sale. The driver of an automobile must secure a license; he is limited in his rate of speed. There are public interests as he goes up and down the road which he must hold in view. I say as much for the picture man. We meet him as often as we do the vender of food or the motor car, and he must be bound to good order. The law which prohibits one person from taking the life of another or from stealing his child, his ox or his silverware is not for that large number of people who have no wish to slay or rob. The regulations as to impure food and fast driving and driving without licenses or lights are not for those who will never err in these respects. The penalties are for men who stand ready to offend. They are silent reminders to deter those who might misconduct themselves if they could, and stand there to be enforced against those who shall dare so much in a direction which is at variance with our notions of the common weal.

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Again, it is not far from a law which says that nothing which is improper on moral grounds shall be shown in a theatre to another law which is effectively devised to enforce this principle. From the welter of discussion which the subject of censorship has evoked, nothing has come so far as I can see, except this: The common law, amplified by the statutes of the States, and the ordinances of cities, governing the character of our theatrical exhibitions, are apparently acceptable to the picture man, and the journalist and the attorney, who are employed to speak for him. His objection begins only when a method is found to give practical effect to this law. It is clear that our ordinary police and constabulary authorities are unable to exercise a suitable care over the moving picture house. Their duty is to preserve good order in the streets and there, indeed, their competency is sometimes in question. With the film which travels hither and thither elusively daily they have neither the time nor the knowledge to deal. What more natural, then, than to say that this film before it may be shown at all, shall be presented to specially delegated officers who shall view it, and if they find it good, shall certificate it and license it. It is merely, as I regard the subject, after long consideration of it, a practical means of administering law with reference to a new activity, which is of such a nature that it cannot be kept under legal control otherwise. By this means film is taken quite out of the control of the regularly established police agencies—they are left free for their more appropriate tasks, the people are assured that what they and their children shall see will do them no injury, and the picture man himself, if he were worldly wise, would understand how much he might gain by cheerfully assenting to the development of a policy which must protect him from the random offender, who with but one bad picture may give the public a distorted view of the character of the whole industry.

Moreover the picture makers themselves have long supported a general system of censorship. In the National Board of Censors, now called a Board of Review, they recognize the authority as well as the necessity of a general oversight of their product. Upon a picture before it leaves the studio the legend is printed, with a premature assurance one would suppose, "Passed by the National Board of Review." We are given to understand, therefore, that the prin-

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ciple of editing film after it is produced, of changing it to conform to some standards of social right, has the approval of the trade. The only question is as to who shall be the judge and the jury in the case. Shall the result be arrived at under the direction of the defendant and the attorney for the defence, or shall the prosecutor have a hand in the proceeding in a regularly established tribunal where there may be hope of bringing out the truth and of enforcing at need some penalty under regular forms? That the industry as such has a conscious wish to violate the rules of good order neither I nor any who has had its movements under long observation would assert. Many high-minded men have been and are now associated with it. But it is peculiarly fluid. Few who were known in it in its first days are still actively interested in its fortunes. Companies rise and fall; they are organized and reorganized. A year or a month, indeed, reveals a complete change in the personality of a film corporation.

The conditions under which film is manufactured, distributed and exhibited are such that any adventurer can enter the business and make his escape before one quite knows what he is about. It is a truth beyond dispute that a picture designed for prurient tastes will bring a long queue to the portals of a theatre. That in the long run such a "show" will not be successful is a platitude to which one can honestly subscribe. But meanwhile this kind of an exhibition has had a transient popularity with our adolescent boys and girls and others who are perpetually curious on the subject of sex, and it is gone, its owner going with it loaded down with his gains.

It is this evil note in pictures which I labor with enthusiasm and satisfaction to suppress. To know that so much may be done and is done is reward enough for any who has a correct and responsible social feeling. The film man who uses a story dealing with sex questions in their ugly forms or who makes partial draughts upon the forbidden and intimate side of such relationships to enliven his theme and lend zest, or "punch," as he calls it, to his product, is an enemy of mine and I am an enemy of his. That he is engaged, as he wishes me to believe, in the noble business of teaching a lesson, I deny. My position on these matters is that of the British Board of Film Censors on the subject of drug pictures. "It is said for such films that they serve to warn the

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public against the dangers of the abuse of drugs," so runs the report, "but the Board decided that there being no reason to suppose that this habit was prevalent in this country, to any serious extent, the evils of arousing curiosity in the minds of those to whom it was a novel idea far outweighed the possible good that might accrue by warning the small minority who indulged in the practice."

I am, therefore, not to be beguiled by the protestations of such a picture man. I have met him and he resembles a teacher less than any one I have ever seen. Whether he acts for himself, or for some League for Social Education which he forms to father his enterprise, he is a speculator who is trading upon the salacious tastes of the people. It is clear that a theatre is not a proper place for the inculcation of such lessons, or the theatre man a proper person to bear such delicate messages to the young. We have the church, the school, the home and our social organizations — in them still as hitherto communications of this character can be made to boys and girls. Such an "educator" is acting with malicious deliberation and he needs to be taken in hand vigorously.

I am not without a sincere confidence in the future of the picture if we shall move forward under an enlightened system of oversight. It is probable that an actor like Mr. Skinner, that a critic like Mr. Eaton and others of us who are tied by sympathy and tradition to the stage, may not have the fullest understanding or appreciation of this new art. All, however, have the right to demand that it shall be decent, and to expect as well as hope that the producers will use their endeavors to assist whoever may be laboring toward these most desirable and necessary ends.

ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER.

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AS SEEN BY AN OLD MAID GRUNDY

BY FRANCES MATHILDA ABBOTT

WHEN I was a little girl it was one of my delights to look at the pictures in my grandmother's scrap-book. She must have begun it in her youth for it was full of small colored prints of women in the costume of the First Empire. It was a never-failing wonderment to me, accustomed to the *chignons,* the crinolines and the flounces of the Second Empire, and later to the enormous trains and bustles of the seventies, that any human being could ever have worn the scanty slips, half-way to the knees, that encased the female form at the beginning of the nineteenth century. With the single exception of the poke-bonnet over which a perpendicular feather waved, the garb was almost precisely what we see around us to-day. There were the low shoes, sometimes with crossed straps; the bare arms and necks in street attire; the big muffs and loose scarfs; the gowns that outlined every movement of the wearer.

I used to ponder the problem. It could not have been a fairy tale for the pictures were said to be drawn from life. Years later, when I had some knowledge of history, I learned of the astonishing vagaries to which the costume of civilized man, meaning especially woman, has been subject; but I do not think I was ever really convinced of the actuality of my grandmother's pictures till I saw the costumes exhibited among the family relics in the Longfellow house at Portland. There were limp crape gowns which could have been passed through—let us say, a bracelet; but I have heard of some that could go through a finger ring. *Sotto voce,* I wonder if we shall ever see any of the dimensions of a needle's eye. I believe that it is a well attested historical fact, though I blushed when I first read it, that Betsey Patterson, after she had intrigued Jerome

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Bonaparte into marriage, went to the altar clad in a single garment of embroidered muslin.

Those reflections were suggested by a recent article in one of our venerable monthlies in which the writer, who calls herself a Grundy Cousin, indulges in some strictures on the dressing, dancing and general behavior of the modern *débutante*. I hold no brief for many aspects of modern female attire. In fact the chief comfort I can get out of the situation is to remember the motto that the Arab king engraved upon his signet ring: "This too will pass." But let us consider the matter a little.

This last summer I sailed around one of the most beautiful lakes in New England. As we approached the wharf of a well known hotel, which, though fashionable, has always piqued itself on the fastidiousness and high standards of its *clientèle,* I saw a joyous group ascend the ladder to the roof of the boat-house. From there they leaped to the upper deck of our steamer. After they had warmed themselves at the smoke-stack, for it was a cold day, they took a high dive into the water. One of the figures was unmistakably feminine. She was clothed——I blunder like a man when describing feminine fashion——in——possibly it was an Annette Kellerman bathing-suit——no, suit means more than one garment. At any rate, the obvious feature was that from a few inches below the thighs to three inches above the ankles she was *in puris naturalibus.* Her knees looked as battered as those of little children, who are constantly falling down.

When our boat came back in the afternoon this same young woman, clad in the same costume, was seated, with companions, on a projecting log of the wharf. The only change she had made was to fling a woolen scarf over her shoulders. For aught I know she may have gone to luncheon in the hotel dining-room thus attired. The outstanding fact of the exhibition was that neither she, her companions nor the miscellaneous crowd of spectators on the wharf appeared conscious of anything unusual or worthy of remark. It made me think of one of Kipling's stories where an Englishman, stationed in a remote South Sea island with no companion but a native, finally went mad on account of the solitude and tore off all his clothes. He had been in this condition two years when a ship arrived and the men were shocked to find him raving in

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his nudity. His companion, being a native, had noticed nothing amiss.

My thoughts went back to my own youth. When I was a child I wanted to learn to swim, the most healthful and necessary exercise any featherless creature can be taught. But such action was not for girls in my day. When I went to college the only gymnastics were lady-like calisthenics. To be sure, it was the first woman's college in the country; but though it took courage to go, even in my day, I belonged to the fifteenth class. It was not till nine years after my graduation, that the alumnae built what was then a modern gymnasium with a swimming-pool. It made a great deal of talk; for, if I remember rightly, it was the first swimming-pool for women in the country—certainly the first connected with any educational institution. And this was just thirty years ago.

To go back to college. In my student days amateur dramatics, as ever since, were a prominent feature of social recreation. The girls gave many plays, some of them very well done, all things considered. What impressed me most was the costume for the male parts. Whatever the character, Puritan or Cavalier, general or common soldier, banker or bandit, the lower part of the costume was always a gymnasium skirt, and the gym. skirts of those days would not be noticed on the streets to-day. I suppose that the modern college girl will not believe this; but then I can never make the modern girl understand that the higher education of woman was ever in doubt.

This hermaphrodite costume of the local stage puzzled me exceedingly. If a girl could wear the shoe-buckles, the wig and the full-skirted coat of a Colonial magnate or the high boots and red shirt of a cowboy, why must that ridiculous skirt always intervene? Why not adopt the proper costume in full or else wear feminine attire and leave all to the imagination? There were no masculine spectators except a few elderly, married members of the faculty. I ventured to intimate my doubts to one of the younger authorities and was promptly frowned upon and made to think my suggestions were highly improper. And yet Maria Mitchell was a member of that faculty.

Still another leaf from memory's note-book. During a Christmas vacation we unfortunate stay-overs held some harmless revels. It was a sort of costume-party. No one

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was present but ourselves and the feminine dignitary in charge. My room-mate, a particularly sedate, well behaved girl, made herself a pair of full, black, cambric bloomers to represent—I have forgotten what character. She ventured into the assembly in this attire. We were all masqued. My innocent and unfortunate friend was immediately pounced upon by the acting matron of the occasion and sent to her room in disgrace. Since then I have attended a woman's camp where at a Sunday religious service under the pines, with several men in attendance beside the preacher, some of the women appeared in their camp costume of bloomers which reached but to the knee.

It is said that the youths of to-day will not dance with a girl who wears a corset. That sounds a little shocking till we remember that forty years ago the ideal for which the most high-minded and strong-minded dress-reformers were shouting was the abolition of the corset. People who are old enough to recall the laced waist and exaggerated bust and hips of the seventies and eighties will realize that it took as much courage to appear in a natural figure then as it does to wear Ground Gripper shoes now.

To go into the subject more intimately. An interesting old lady once confided to my youthful ears this bit of historical information. She said that in her day no girl wore —let us call it the bifurcated lower part of the present combination. She clearly recalled the horror and astonishment when a young cousin of hers, who had been visiting somewhere, brought home a pair of the abominable things and announced that it was the new fashion in undergarments. Modest little girls of that day wore stiff, starched pantalets, pinned or buttoned to the innermost of their numerous encircling petticoats. But to wear a pair of—, a garment properly belonging to a man—that was to insult Pudor with a vengeance. I, who had never heard of feminine attire that did not include the aforementioned disgraceful doublet (worn unseen, of course), asked her how long it was before all the girls were borrowing the pattern from her wicked cousin.

This brings us to riding-habits. Any person in any age who ever looked at the subject with a detached mind knows that the only safe, suitable and comfortable way, either for horse or rider, is for the man or woman to sit astride. I forget how many centuries back what deformed

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princess introduced the side-saddle; but I think that it was not more than ten years ago that fashion was still haggling over divided skirts. I remember that one sedate woman's magazine said that perhaps the divided skirt would not be so noticeable when you were on the horse; but how about when you were getting on and off? Which reminds me of the remark attributed by the Phillips Andover boys to Miss Philena MacKeen, when the waltz was first coming into fashion: "What if the music should stop?"

For a long time there had been occasional protests against the side-saddle by courageous souls. I have heard my mother say that when she was a student at the private school connected with the Brook Farm Community the head of one of the first families of Boston insisted that his little girls should learn to ride astride; but they were not able to continue this custom after they were grown up. My mother rode in the long, hampering, superfluous skirt of her day. Look now at Mount Desert, Long Island or any of the city parks. High boots, riding breeches and coats are the rule; and the occasional side-saddle looks positively mediaeval. Fashion and common sense have rarely joined forces, but when they do there is no reason why a sensible person should not follow both.

It is curious to see what plausible excuses people will give for something irrational. The girls to-day who wear furs in July and wide-open necks on the street in January assert that it is healthful, just as twenty-five years ago when I refused to adopt the custom of a high linen collar wound with three thicknesses of ribbon as appropriate for a muslin gown, my contemporaries assured me that this ironed halter was much cooler than any other way of dressing the neck.

I should be out of patience with the women who tell me they must wear thin gowns in winter because their houses are so warm had I not heard that in the forties and fifties women of fashion habitually wore low-necked woollen gowns, cut straight across the shoulders. In those days rooms were heated by stoves; hall-ways and chambers were of Arctic temperature; and woven underwear had not been invented. Consumption was prevalent, but there were probably other causes for it. To be sure, some of the old ladies, who were young then, have told me that some people had little capes made of the same material as the gown

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with which they covered their shoulders; but it made you look as if you came from the country.

I am indignant when I see girls walking on icy sidewalks in low shoes and silk stockings until I remember the heavily fringed black silk *visité* that formed part of my mother's wedding outfit; and she was a winter bride. The present generation will need to be informed that coats for women had not been thought of before the Civil War; they would have been considered exceedingly masculine. Shawls and other loose wraps were the proper feminine apparel.

The truth is, that, much as there is to condemn in the modern woman's clothing, with its strong Oriental note for the house, there was never a time when it was possible to dress rationally with so little opposition as now. The outdoor girl is largely responsible for the loose, unhampered clothing of to-day. Girls cannot play tennis in the costume of the croquet era. Natural waists, free necks, short, straight skirts—all make for health. The transparent blouses are to be condemned from every point of view; but you can still buy translucent ones. I know one or two shops where you can even get flannel ones, such as I wear. The high-heeled, pointed-toed shoes are the greatest offense, but there are several hygienic brands of footgear on the market. I never thought that I should live to see the day of the unrestricted waist, but I may yet gaze on moccasins for street-wear.

When it comes to modern dancing my knowledge is derived mostly from hearsay or the pictures in the magazines. To be sure I did see a few years ago at a *fête* for a private school for girls, a school that I know to have exceptionally high moral standards, an exhibition of dancing that made my hair, metaphorically speaking, point in the same direction as the toes of the performer. The feat was exceedingly well done and the daring attitudes changed in the twinkling of an eye; but I marvelled. I also marvelled because the spectator who seemed to enjoy the spectacle most was an elderly clergyman, so far as I know of irreproachable morals, who beamed approval with every gyration.

Possibly this pirouetting is out of fashion now; but they tell me that the war, instead of abolishing the undesirable features of modern dancing, has merely introduced variations. The most striking description of abandoned prancing I have seen is Alfred Noyes's characterization: "A fat, wet

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hand on a fat, wet back." And yet the poem of "The Victory Ball" is not so cynical or so denunciatory as Byron's lines about the waltz when that diversion was first introduced into England.

It is difficult to imagine sane parents' allowing their daughter to drive in a runabout with a young man between midnight and four a. m.; yet, if any of my elderly readers are willing to acknowledge rural antecedents, they must have heard their mothers speak of going to balls and not getting back till five in the morning. Of course, the conveyance in those days was a one-horse, open sleigh, but the young people were always alone. Chaperones would have been pitched into the ditch, only they had never been heard of in those days—nights, rather.

I never saw much of the old-time kissing games, even at my youthful church sociables; but any one who reads the poems of Burns will get the idea that rural romps are not exactly conducive to conventional morals. My conviction is constantly growing, the more I talk with people who were brought up in the country and have later moved to town; and it is a conviction in which social workers almost invariably concur, that as a place to bring up children in high moral standards, the farm is decidedly inferior to the city, the abode of the wicked rich. I always hoped that the statement of one of my most revered friends was exceptional when she told me that in the village where she was reared, every bride except her mother and herself was obliged to get married. Yet she was a woman who had seen a great deal of the world, and the village she spoke of was an aristocratic one on our Northern seacoast, founded in 1638.

When it comes to the decadence in our manners there is no question but the rush of modern life and the struggle for wealth are largely responsible. I, descended both from Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors, am willing to acknowledge that about the only civility left in the country is found in the South. There are several reasons for this. It is the only section of the country where the white people are of pure, Anglo-Saxon descent. They still retain the tranquil habits of settled, English society. Immigration has never upset their customs. Sudden, swollen fortunes are practically unknown. The best people live on inherited land. They still speak of County families. Everybody knows the

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history and antecedents of everyone else and his precise place in the social system just as they do in the British Empire. If you were ever anybody once, no matter how great your present poverty or how menial your occupation, you still retain your social position. Little courtesies and niceties of behavior, which Northerners were taught in their youth fifty years ago and have entirely forgotten, are still in vogue in the South.

It is a fine thing theoretically that our country is advancing toward a completer democracy, but there is no question that we are losing much that is fine in our forgetfulness of history and tradition. I believe one of the most demoralizing influences in modern social life is the rush of the newly rich to our private schools and colleges. So long as vulgar plutocrats remain ignorant they can be kept in place; but when they can buy education for their children, everything is opened to them. Most colleges are raw democracies in which nothing counts so much as elbows. Given to a student self-assertiveness, robust health, average good looks, ability in some popular extra-collegiate activity like athletics or dramatics, resources that include a motor-car and a propensity to spend money freely, and unless said student is entirely lacking in the qualities of good-fellowship, he or she is likely to sweep everything before him. Fellow students, who have been taught moderation by the traditions of three centuries, may be cast into the background. And yet I have included in the foregoing list of qualifications for success nothing absolutely essential to good morals or fine manners. Intellectual attainments have always been *nil* when it comes to college popularity.

Religion has been stressed as the cure for the present decadence, and in this I should heartily agree, if I were only sure just what kind of religion is meant. I am neither Baptist nor Catholic. It happens also, that I am not Episcopalian or Unitarian, although my ancestors worshipped at King's Chapel. It seems strange to me that anyone should flout Prohibition, as some good people do, and yet strongly advocate the Ten Commandments, which are specifically admonitory or prohibitive. It has been suggested that a hint of the old-fashioned Hell could be wholesomely introduced into modern belief.

To go back South again. I understand that this comforting doctrine is quite prevalent in many religious organi-

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zations there, though I never happened to attend any services at which it was preached. Yet I do not find the South more moral than the North. With all due regard to the charming and sterling qualities of our most stable section of the country, I find the South fifty years behind the times in modern thought, whether theological or purely intellectual. I cannot even except Charleston, about which Owen Wister wrote that loveliest of novels, *Lady Baltimore;* for though Charleston boasts every kind of religious organization I ever heard of, from Jewish to Christian Science, including the only French Huguenot church in America, yet even Charleston scarcely holds the pre-eminence she had before the Revolution of being one of the three intellectual centers of the country. I make instant apologies for my animadversions because I know that the South has barely recovered from the poverty and suffering of the awful Reconstruction period, and has not yet had a fair chance to show what she can do.

Perhaps this age is not so bad as it seems, even if our present religion is strongly tinged with humanitarianism. Why not be honest with children and teach them that it has never been easy to be virtuous at any time in the world's history? If you would do right, you must begin fighting early. *The fast set is always the popular set.* If you dress sensibly in any century, you run the risk of being called dowdy. If you renounce the favorite vices of any day, you will be branded as peculiar. Young people dread nothing so much as being alone, out of touch with their companions; yet why should this generation expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease? We have advanced considerably from the days of the Romans and yet plenty of the old Pagan deities are more or less openly worshipped.

Still, there are some comforting thoughts. You are not absolutely cast out of modern society if you are decent. Witness the plain, unfashionable, respectable, hard-working couple now occupying the British throne (and Queen Mary wears her skirts the old-time length as anybody can see by looking at any number of *The Illustrated London News*). To be sure it is whispered that they are not the most popular couple who have every occupied Buckingham palace; but it is quite a feat to retain a hold on any palace in these days.

One more thought and I am done. Slavery and alcohol

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are legally obsolete. Shall we ever see the time when *libido, salacitas* and their ugly compeers will cease to be condoned? Is the growing practice of divorce, which so profoundly affects our modern social structure, wholly wrong?

I was brought up to regard the marriage tie as of peculiar sanctity. When I hear of a young woman, belonging to one of the best families in New York, attending hotel dances at which her recently divorced husband is also present, I am distressed at her lack of sensibility. But—I say this with deliberation, I do not think such conduct so bad for the public morals as the law of that Southern State, which permits no divorce for any cause whatever. Better Reno than Ibsen's *Ghosts*. I will go further and say that, lax as may be the modern moral judgment, I am not certain but it may be better than the Puritan vindictiveness which branded Hester Prynne with the scarlet letter.

Illegitimate children were not unknown to our virtuous forefathers, as you may see by reading Winthrop's *Journal* or engaging in any Colonial research. I shall probably be condemned for irreligious humanitarianism, and it may be necessary for me to produce testimonials as to my own private character; but I am glad to see that we are beginning to realize that the victims of white slavery are no more blameworthy than their exploiters and promoters. So much for the passing of masculine dominance in politics and industry, which after all, is the best sign of our times.

FRANCES MATHILDA ABBOTT.

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THE CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICAN SCHOOL

BY JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

THE annals of the American free school are a proud asset of the American people. No one can follow them without realizing that the declaration of free education as the birthright of American youth has grown to be one of the stoutest tenets of American polity. Moreover, there has been ever among us the belief that the safety and the perpetuation of our free States can be secured only as the integrity of our common schools is maintained. In a recent appeal of the Massachusetts Commission for a school fund, this theory is its opening argument: "The welfare of the State as a whole is dependent, in large measure, upon public education."

Such has been our theory. Students of our history will find, however (so limply does practise wait on precept), that free, unsectarian, non-political education is a recent mintage in our country. Not until 1850 did the country at large assume the responsibility of free elementary education; not before 1895 did new types of differentiated high schools begin to serve the diversities of our young people; not until a decade ago did we begin to devise scientific evaluations for our educational product; and not until a half decade ago was legislation for compulsory school attendance written on the statute books of five of our Southern States. While this extension of free school privileges has been slowly growing, our educational problems have been complicated by an immense influx of immigrant peoples, and by the wide-reaching and rapid changes that have transformed the economics of our living. Not yet have we come to any agreement as to the content or the conduct of our curricula; not yet have we attained to any national vision or to any national organization for the guidance of our schools; not yet have we established the teacher's work as

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one of the most important and honorable functions of our Government. Like some gigantic, uncouth animal, myopic and sluggish, our mammoth school system lies out across the country; some of its limbs have been untimely crippled, some set on with the weakest of adhesions; more often than not the members of this curiously uncoördinated monster are grappling in blind conflict.

Disgruntled critics of our formless, antiquated educational polity, of our poorly informed, unskilled educational output, will do well to realize that this public task of training 25,000,000 children is so new that it necessarily lacks formulation,—that it is so tremendous and complicated that no former experiences can suffice to set the modes for it. Our traditions have been conservative, our means small, and much of our leadership unimaginative and bound to partisan policies. On the other hand, radical opinion among us is so ready to cut away from backgrounds, our peculiar national childishness is so likely to seize on the latest nostrum as the end-all of our problems, that our educational agencies have been and are heavily at the mercy of haste, patchwork, and the intoxication of reform.

Yet no honest interpreter of our educational effort will fail to note the steady progress we have made in replacing the old-time birch-rod rule with kindliness and wise direction, nor how, despite much uninspired management and gross incompetence, millions of our boys and girls have found the chief pride and pleasure of their youth in their schools. Credit, too, is due our schools for their recent earnest, although often unintelligent, effort to adjust boys and girls to the business of earning their livelihoods. Nor should current evaluation neglect tribute to the thousands of teachers, who, working meagrely and obscurely, have yet quickened the intelligence of our people. And certainly it is not now becoming to underrate the local initiative and interest, that, in our upbuilding, organized and maintained the common schools, nor to forget the beneficence of private and sectarian institutions that long have fostered schemes for liberal education and research.

But, these tributes conceded, there looms from every survey of public school conditions now before us the incontrovertible fact that too frequently our schools are poorly administered, poorly staffed, and poorly motivated. Faced with the questions issued by the Secretary of the Interior

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during the war, we can no longer rest content with the sophistry that "Our country is the land of equal opportunity and the home of the intelligent." These questions are pointed:

> What should be said of a world-leading democracy wherein ten percent of the adult population cannot read the laws they are presumed to know?
>
> What should be said of a democracy that sends an army to preach democracy wherein was drafted, out of the first 2,000,000 men, a total of 200,000 who could not read their orders or understand them when delivered?

Literacy, to be sure, is no guarantee for moral stability, and no substitute for courage, but it must ever be a fundamental requirement for the intelligent self-direction of a self-governing people. Now that broadsides of statistics pronounce twenty percent of our population illiterate, fifty percent of our school children physically unfit, and sixty percent of them untrained beyond the sixth grade, it seems idle longer to maintain our ostrich complacency anent our education.

We are passing through a time of national stress and world upheaval: such acute unrest prevails in Governments and among men that it is of paramount importance that the minds of our plebiscite be alert, well-informed, and well-conditioned for the making of judgments. A democracy is always at the mercy of phraseocrats, of superficial classifications, of short-cuts to Utopia. The distinct challenge of our times is to the conserving and vitalizing powers of our schools that they may raise up such a citizen body as shall keep our national existence clean and keen.

Holding our children but four percent of their time from their sixth to their sixteenth year,—holding them lightly, now, in face of the family disintegrations and of the social distractions that mark our accelerated living,—the public schools, even under the best conditions, can accomplish much less than is usually claimed from them. Yet on them pour increasing demands: bodies, emotions, intellects, and talents, are waved into the schoolhouse to achieve perfectibility, and the typical teacher depended on to work the miracle is a graduate of a high school, *without professional training,* and due to spend but four years in the teaching field.

Educational theorists are busy suggesting remedies for

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the inefficient administration, the inadequate training and supervision of teachers, the faulty technique in teaching methods. Naturally, no one plan or mechanism can set us straight; in this most human of institutions, only wise ordering, slow growth, and constant readaptations can bring our chaotic system into a strong and serviceable unity. And only with fuller recognition of the rights and obligations of all teachers, and with ampler support of interested public opinion, can betterment of our formalistic methods be secured. At present, teaching is a poorly paid, poorly regarded calling; it has developed no symbolism that can stir the popular imagination, nor has it achieved in any large measure distinctions that would integrate its own *ésprit de corps*. Two generations ago we started a worthy régime of public education, but our system has in no way kept pace with our expansions. Now, while all the country calls on education to cure its social ills, we are finding thousands of our schools closed for lack of teachers, and thousands of our school districts handicapped with discordant aims and scant means.

Clearly, since some of the maladministration and unprogressiveness of our system comes from lack of *national* coherence and subsidy, there is one scheme of reorganization that should forthwith be established: our public schools need, and should have, *national* cognizance. It is time, surely, to pass the much neglected Smith-Towner bill which calls for the creation of a Secretary of Education in the Cabinet and for the coördination of many of our educational agencies. Or, if the present bill be inadequate, it is time to draft some provision whereby our far-flung and inchoate school system may be drawn into effective cohesion and balance.

We are the only nation of first-class importance lacking a national department of education. It is said that our neglected Bureau of Education expends but one percent of the thirty millions of dollars given by our Federal Government to educational purposes. Eighty offices, divisions, bureaus, overlap and duplicate activities. Nowhere is there a proper center for the protection and development of the teaching service. Even the Senate has not seen fit to have a separate committee for educational matters, but groups them with labor concerns under a Chairman of Labor and Education. Some details in connection with our children's

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interests are attended to by The Children's Bureau, some by the Department of Agriculture, some by the Labor Department, some by the Department of Justice, and some by the Department of the Interior. Nor does the tale end here. All through the country the same wasteful scattering of energy abounds: no very substantial advances in educational policies need be expected in the twenty-nine of our States where the county superintendents are elected for one- and two-year terms, with all the onus of political differences, nor in those States where 30,000 to 50,000 trustees, elected also for short terms and with the drag of partisan favors, carry on school business involving not so large an expenditure as is managed in the city of Boston by a board of five. It is, perhaps, not strange to find one of these partisan-ticket superintendents confessing, "This psychology stunt ain't got me yet," and not entirely disconcerting to come upon a district officer who selects his teachers according to their ability to spell "mad dog" backward!

The challenge to the American School is well defined. It is time for American education to achieve a vision comparable to its immense responsibilities. It is time our self-respect compelled us to put our schools on a sound working basis, time that we coördinated our national and State educational agencies, took all our school directors out of party politics, and strengthened our teaching profession by providing for it adequate direction, adequate salaries and adequate opportunities for its creative growth.

Protest against proposals for well-knit organization in the administration of public education comes often most vigorously from the best workers in the field and from the independent thinkers in our communities. Wisely the best of our people fear bureaucracy. The very word *centralization* spells to them the lack of individual liberties and the development of autocratic control and small officialism even beyond that which now prevails. But the bogey surely is of straw: we, who claim to be the makers of our Government and to have the power to remake it, ought not to fear the Government we make. If our public business is unequable and muddled, devotion to the theory of our Government demands that we set it straight: it is *our* business.

Since, by the passage of compulsory attendance laws in every State save Mississippi, school-keeping has become a national obligation, it must be patent that Federal central-

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ization of school activities is imperative,—that all conditions affecting our public education must henceforth be interpreted in terms of the nation as well as in terms of local autonomies.

Our sluggish system needs the electric current that can be generated only in a focused impulse: it can gain dignity and reach only as it develops a form commensurable with its vast functions. Rightly interpreted, Federal supervision and support of public education could better the morale of our teachers, and could secure a more righteous distribution of educational opportunities than we now have. The need is urgent. The hostile unionization being developed by some of our teachers,—however justifiable the origins of the movement,—is bringing us an untenable contradiction of values. How can we hope to incorporate into our body politic the greatest principle of democracy—a fair field for every member of our State—if our teachers, the guardians of that principle, cement themselves into class stratifications?

And we must play fair with our children. In times of war we call on the boy from the barren Ozarks as well as on the boy from the richly environed city to stand in the front line of our defense: in times of peace we have no right to be niggard with the one and abundant with the other. Although inequalities are the sinews of our living, and differences the savour of our intercourse, it is the fair fighting chance that supplies blood to our nation's being.

Yet if it be plain that we need Federal direction and support of our schools, it must be just as plain that the only purpose of a coördinated, smoothly-running educational organization is to free teachers from cluttering inertias, to bring to their craft the most enlivening assistance, and to maintain the free schools purely for the good of the children whose needs bring the schools into existence. The best types of national and State controls of education will be those that exact no lockstep uniformity: they will be those that assist local enterprise and local adaptation, and that place the burden and the honor of our educational growth on the individual men and women whose insight and skill alone can make our schools of worth.

For, fundamentally, education is a personal and social matter, and only secondarily a business affair. Constant improvement in our teaching staff must accompany

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improvement in the enginery of our system, else the mechanism will run away with the vital body. Our fashion of achieving managerial niceties, of measuring production, of reverencing statistical charts, and of debating much on the *Science* of education is all in the trend of the times: and the fashion is proper, albeit exact scientists may well smile at some of our unsubstantial premises, and Quintilian and Comenius, out of their mother-wit, may still better our instruction. But we shall not go far astray, even in the excitement of compiling intelligence coefficients, so long as we remember that our greatest asset in education is the creative teacher who can start in motion energies the work of which he can never appraise.

Good teachers we have had—and have, but the lack of enough characterful instructors makes whole areas of our teaching field sterile as waterless Saharas. Too often, at present, our school land is a place of mechanized text-books of over-specialization and under-cultivation. Our colleges and high schools suffer from the German heritage of over-specialization, and so teach subjects and not humans: our common schools suffer from under-cultivation and so present Cimmerian caves of ignorance.

There are 650,000 teachers in this country, and 300,000 of them have not completed a high school course. We demand that our physicians, our lawyers, our architects, our engineers, be specially prepared for their callings: yet we allow the mental health of our children to be put under the guidance of boys and girls, so ignorant, so untrained, that the wonder grows that we rise at all above the stodginess of their handling. Fortunately the human animal is acquisitive, and finds his food willy nilly. But in the face of our national resources, of our plain responsibilities, we can no longer evade the task of raising the standard of our teaching, of protecting it with proper recompense and respect.

Clearly, just as we need a Federal focus for educational leadership, so do we need a National University—Washington's dream—for educational experimentation and demonstration: we need a revitalization of our Normal Schools, and we need wise provision for the guidance and advancement of teachers in service. Our colleges and State universities have done much to build up courses of instruction for prospective teachers, but our great need is beyond the powers of separate and sectarian institutions: we should

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have a programme of betterment in our teaching work comparable to the comprehensive training of the French *Ecole Normale,* and suitable to our great size and means.

Our Normal Schools, the special agents charged by the States with the training of teachers, are, in many instances, at great disadvantage. Patterned after German models in the mid-nineteenth century, set going with certain elementary methodologies, they seem in large measure to have exhausted the ardors which, through the brilliances of Horace Mann, Charles Brooks, and John Pierce, enlivened their inception; most of them have passed their recent years in comparative obscurity, under no progressive guidance, and apart from the busy and fruitful experimentation which, in other sections of the educational field, has been turning our schools inside out. It is not gracious, and certainly not fair, to say, as some critics have affirmed, that our Normal Schools are moribund: but there is small question that in some of them their pedagogics need to be turned out into a fresh and sweetening wind. Naturally our Normal Schools are but the victims, often, of a vicious circle: ill-prepared candidates present themselves to become, after a brief special training, shepherds of another generation, who, in turn ill-prepared, carry on the low grade work. How urgently a reshaping of our Normal Schools is needed is suggested by a recent study from the Bureau of Education:

> Normal Schools differ from each other very widely in organization, in admission requirements, in courses of study, and in modes of instruction. The explanation of this lack of uniformity is to be found in the fact that normal schools have never been a part of the system of higher education evolved in this country. The typical normal school derives its financial support from legislative appropriations, receives its students without competition from a territory over which it exercises exclusive control, and it has no difficulty in placing its graduates in positions which they regard as satisfactory. Furthermore, so urgent has been the demand in the country for teachers that school boards and superintendents have not been able to make rigid selections, with the result that standards of training have not been forced on the normal schools from without.
>
> In a situation where relative isolation has not compelled schools to define themselves to others there has been the largest opportunity for the play of personal influences. . . . There is no State authority in most of the States strong enough to determine what shall be done in normal schools. The result is that within a single State there are the widest variations.

Better training, a higher standard of certification, and a

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higher wage scale, will help toward competency, but one gain more is imperative if teaching is ever to stand beside our other professions: the teachers, more and more, must participate in councils of school procedures, in the outlining of courses, in the adjustment of day-by-day work. In other words, within a coördinate, thrifty Federal system, ample scope and generous means must be found for teachers to initiate, to plan, to grow. Honorary awards should be theirs for good work done, and freedom and opportunity to study and to experiment must be granted successful instructors. An administrative chair should not be (as it has been in the past) the only reward open to brilliant teaching: on the contrary, the salaries and dignities of effective teachers should be, everywhere, quite as distinguished as any granted to executives. Organization and instruction are, of course, diverse problems, and no council of teachers should seek to administer; for execution, by its very nature, is single. Committee rule descends to tyranny even more quickly than does one-man power, and is more deadly. But there is no valid reason, save stale custom, which decrees that management is more responsible than teaching. Within sensibly exact administrative margins, then, there should be scope for the originality and variability of individual teachers: the restlessness in the teaching world comes not alone from desire for decent recompense: it is akin to the irritability present in our industrial groups, which springs partly from ignorance and envy, and from the lack of steadying responsibility. This need to create, which is the very rock-bed of professional and craft integrity, has recently found expression in a Report issued by the High School Assistants of Boston:

> What teachers want is some measure of responsible participation in determining conditions of their work. If, as is often said, the teachers are the best defense of the republic, if they fashion and mould the minds and characters of the oncoming generation, it is not presumption for them to ask to be trusted to help determine the shop conditions of their craft. . . . With increase of democratic control the teachers will have more recognized power and less jealousy, higher standards and less intellectual sloth, more work and fewer breakdowns, and a finer loyalty toward all workers.

Worn schoolmen, having in mind weary multiplications of the young teacher who reported her year's experience in travel and reading to have been—"A trip across the lake and a novel by Robert Chambers,"—will smile at these

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proposals, asking how chewing-gum philosophers can leap to Socratic interrogatories. Gathering perspective from a kindred profession, we can only suggest that a Sairey Gamp and an Edith Cavell have been found in the same calling! A democracy dies when it neglects discrimination.

A reorganization of our static courses of study is another problem pressing for accomplishment, but all attempts to carry out, whole-heartedly, improvements in our curricula must wait for the development of an intelligent teaching body.

So we return to our first premise, for it is difficult to see how we can develop a worthy teaching body unless we have national leadership in our educational interests, and an aroused public pride in the work of our schools. Federal integrity and local autonomy are old antagonists,—was not Parmenides, upholder of indivisible unity, opposed, in the sixth century before Christ, to Heracleitus, who taught that change and individual variation rule the universe!—but surely in educational reconstructions the time has come to recognize Federal Integrity as the Head of Our House. Only by so doing can we secure for our children their richest heritage: paradoxically enough, only by so doing can we obtain for the larger number of them fit chances for individual development. The persistence of true Americanism, so far as our schools can foster it, calls for legislation to cut cleanly across impeding barriers of sectionalism, class prejudice, and sectarianism, to give us the beginnings of a national system of education.

The glory in this challenge is that the task is worth our mettle. We are young and adaptive and generous. Even in the inevitable fluctuations characteristic of all living, we may yet, with insight and toil, procure for our children a decent working milieu. And though we may be forced, in the light of modern metaphysics, to abandon the dream of constant progress toward stabilities, to share with Mr. Adams the hypothesis that retrogression is as natural as advance, there still remains to us the fighting proposition of addressing ourselves to these present-day needs as if we were the masters of time. And though Dr. Einstein sweep time away, to be honest with the work in hand will remain our categorical imperative.

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND.

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A LESSON TO MY GHOST

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Shall it be said that the wind's gone over
The hill this night, and no ghost there?
Not the shape of an old-time lover
Pacing the old road, the high road there?
By the peacock tree, the tree that spreads its branches
Like a proud peacock's tail (so my lady says),
Under a cloudy sky, while the moon launches
Scattered beams of light along the dark silences?
I will be a ghost there, though I yet am breathing,
A living presence still in tight cottage walls,
Sitting by the fire whose smoke goes wreathing
Over fields and farmyards and farmyard stalls.
As a player going to rehearse his faring,
I will be my ghost there before my bones are dust,
Bid it learn betimes the sock it shall be wearing
When it bids the clay good-bye as all ghosts must.
Hush, then; upstairs sleep my lady and her mother;
The cat curls the night away, and will not stir;
Beams of lamp and beech-log cross one another,
No wind walks in the garden there.
Go my ghost, it calls you, the high road, the winding,
Written by the moonlight on the sleeping hill;
I will watch the ashes, you go finding
The way you shall walk for generations still.
The window-latch is firm, the curtain does not tremble,
The wet grass bends not under your tread,
Brushing you shake not the dew from the bramble,
They hear no gate who lie abed.
Nodding I stare at the hearth, but I see you,
My half-wit travels with you the road;
There shall be your kingdom when death shall free you,
When body's wit is neither leash nor goad.
Past the peacock branches proudly gliding,
Your own ghost now, I know, I know,
You look to the moon on the hill-top riding,
The mares in the meadow sleep as you go.
Your eyes that are dark yet great for divining
Brood on the valleys of wood and plough,

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And you stand where the silver flower is shining
Of cherry against the black holly bough.
Rehearse, O rehearse, as you pass by the hedgerows,
Remembrance of all that was my bright will,
That so my grave of whispers and echoes
May rest for the ghost that is yet on the hill.
The primroses burn and the cowslips cover
The starry meadows as heaven is clad,
Learn them all, O ghost, as a lover,
So shall your coming again be glad.
The inn-sign hangs in the windless watches,
You pass the shadowy piles of stone
Under the walls where the hawthorn catches
Shapes from the moon that are not its own.
Wander, wander down by the cresses,
Over the crest of the hill, between
The brown lych-gate and the cider presses,
Past the well and across the green.
Heed me my ghost, my heir. To-morrow,
Or soon, my body to ash must fall,
Heed me, my ghost, my heir. To-morrow,
Heed me, ghost, and I shall not sorrow—
Learn this beauty, O learn it all.
Night goes on, the beech-log's ended,
Half-wit's drowsy, and doctrine done,—
Ghost, come home from the road; befriended
My moon shall be when I leave the sun.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

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BURROUGHS AS BERGSONIST

BY NORMAN FOERSTER

I

"THINK you the man of science does not also find God? that Huxley and Darwin and Tyndall do not find God, though they may hesitate to use that name? Whoever finds truth finds God, does he not? Whoever loves truth loves God!" In these words, typical of *The Light of Day,* John Burroughs, at the beginning of the present century, placed himself in all candor among the scientific philosophers. Literature and religion, he announced, are on the wane, while science is young, is "now probably only in the heat of its forenoon work." The future belongs to science.

But the scientific enthusiasm of *The Light of Day* could not last. Long before this book was published, Burroughs had insisted upon "love" as the motivating power behind the scientific study of the universe; and even in his praise of reason as the light of day banishing the mists of superstition, even in his cordial welcoming of the young giant to whom the future belongs, there were overtones of dissatisfaction and rebellion that were later to become the dominant theme. *The Light of Day* was no sooner published than it was outgrown. Thirteen years later, when the shadows of a long life were deepening apace, the ambitious young giant of the modern world seemed to possess sinister as well as creative forces. Science was now conceived, not as in the heat of his morning labors, but as having reached the meridian. "In the Noon of Science" (*The Summit of the Years*) expresses a grudging acceptance of the achievements of natural science, and even more disillusion as to its value in interpreting life. The author has passed from the blithe assumption: "Think you the man of science does not also find God?" to the patronizing reminder: "Let us give physical science its due." The

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militant intellectualism of a Huxley has lapsed into the melancholy and the recurring bewilderment of the finer spirits of our epoch; "I too," says Burroughs, "at times feel the weary weight of the material universe as it presses upon us in a hundred ways in our mechanical and scientific age." Looking down from the summit of the years he perceives that knowledge comes but wisdom lingers—that railroad, automobile, and aeroplane have not brought the arch-gods in place of the half-gods; that our mastery of the forces of nature has all but led to their mastery of us (allusively quoting Emerson, he sees now, he says, that "we cannot vault into the saddle of the elemental forces and ride them and escape the danger of being ridden by them"); that the finer qualities of the civilization of the Old World are a legacy from the pre-scientific age; that the scientific age when only slightly unchecked, as here in the New World, has produced a civilization "the ugliest and most materialistic that any country or age ever saw"; that in the most pretentious researches of science, those into the nature of life and consciousness, which it has sought to explain in terms of physics and chemistry, scientific investigation is "at the end of its tether"; that whereas material or logical truths are intellectually discerned, spiritual truths are spiritually discerned—"All questions that pertain to the world within us are beyond the reach of science." For all these facts, pointed out with salutary emphasis, science is not responsible, says Burroughs, but man himself: a truth to be remembered in our reaction against natural science. Surely science cannot be other than altogether beneficent when beneficently used. But it must be used to serve, not to domineer, the spiritual values of life. "Where there is no vision," says Burroughs, "no intuitive perception of the great fundamental truths of the inner spiritual world, science will not save us. In such a case our civilization is like an engine running without a headlight.

No, the physical light of day cannot illuminate the profound inner being of man; it leaves it dark as the darkest night. Illumination, at best a glimmering illumination, is obtainable only through the searching light of the spirit. "We must transcend physical science to reach the spiritual and grasp the final mystery of life." Science finds no meaning in such pregnant utterances as Goethe's "There is a

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universe within thee as well" or Christ's "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Science may help us endlessly in understanding our physical life and enhancing our well-being, but it cannot help us in understanding our souls—"we must look to the great teachers and prophets, poets and mystics."

In a sense, this is not a new conclusion in Burroughs's work; the distinction, though blurred, is already present in *The Light of Day*. What is new is the application of the distinction. Formerly, Burroughs had looked to certain poets, chief of all Whitman, for help in understanding the soul; yet, with his scientific temper, he could not be convinced of anything like *authority* in Whitman. His feelings responded, rather than his mind, and the mind, with Burroughs, whatever he may say, is central. So, despite of Whitman's influence, he had continued to think in terms of natural science. But in his later work, beginning with *Time and Change,* he has found, or believes he has found, the authority wanting in the poets, the ground for accepting the validity of intuitive rather than scientific perception. The rapture of science, a tame equivalent for the French Revolution that made it bliss for democratical poets to be alive, had passed into something not far from disillusion, when M. Bergson, student of science and technical philosopher, no mere *littérateur* dallying with the emotions, swam into his ken and gave to Burroughs's secret tendencies a sanction altogether unlooked for. What he had wanted to believe, he now found it possible to believe. He came under the spell of Bergson, according to Miss Barrus, in the summer of 1911; and in the four volumes immediately succeeding, Bergson's influence is fundamental (*Time and Change,* 1912, *The Summit of the Years,* 1913, *The Breath of Life,* 1915, *Under the Apple-Trees,* 1916). While the scientists in the main have denounced Bergson, John Burroughs has become his disciple; the Huxley of *The Light of Day* has become the Bergson of *The Summit of the Years.* Bergson is the great reconciler; in him literature, science, and philosophy are no longer separate approaches to reality, but one. Whereas Herbert Spencer saw everything in the light of science alone, Henri Bergson envisages life in the light that never was on sea or land. He likewise goes beyond the far-seeing Emerson, in being "the friend and aider of those who would see with the

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spirit and enter into the mystery of creation through intellectual sympathy and intuition, instead of making the vain attempt to do so through the logical and scientific understanding." He transforms the mirage of most of the spiritual strivings of the past into reality, permits the man of science (me, John Burroughs), without ceasing to be a man of science, to retain such words as "soul," "spirit," "creation," and "spontaneity" "as standing for real truths in the total scheme of things." He gives the dignity of science to spiritual perception.

On these terms Burroughs is content to follow Bergson in his degradation of the intellect, accepting his assertion, along with the italics, that *"the intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life."* The intellect may, indeed, comprehend the physical order, by which it has been formed, but never the vital order. Life itself, the vital order, can be grasped only through intuition, through sympathetic immersion in pure duration. By projecting ourselves within life, "we shall escape from the bondage of the mechanistic view into the freedom of the larger truth of the ceaseless creative view; we shall see the unity of the creative impulse which is immanent in life and which, 'passing through generations, links individuals with individuals, species with species, and makes of the whole series of the living one immense wave flowing over matter.'" Here at last, thinks John Burroughs, is a conception of the "four-fifths of life outside of science" which a modern man may accept. And he may accept it with joy. Bergson exhilarates like a bath or a long walk. He shows —does he not?—that all life is divine, that matter is spiritualized, as Whitman had asserted long before. After Bergson we are free, as we were not quite free after Whitman, to live in the certainty of the immanence of spirit in nature, mingling with it in joyous company, knowing the soil and the spaces of the sky friendly not chilly, gazing back fearlessly down the long road by which man has ascended past all the perils of geologic time, wondering ecstatically at the miracle of the creative process as it lurches forward without a goal. Remote indeed, now, is the thoughtless ornithological ardor of *Wake-Robin;* remote the keen zest for a detective understanding of nature functioning; remote, even, the geologic and biologic studies once so absorbing. Something of each remains, of course,

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partly because old age is retrospective, and the sugar-bush of the farm and the first hooded warbler in the woods will never be effaced, and the landscape of the old days necessarily wears a new aspect after years of brooding over its geology and biology; yet, as Burroughs says in *Field and Study,* "When I take a walk now, thoughts of natural history play only a secondary part; I suspect it is more to bathe the spirit in natural influences than to store the mind with natural facts." More and more, as he has mused on the vital order, the physical fact has yielded less pleasure and meaning, while the inner fact, the vital impulse expressing itself in a stream of novelties, has fascinated him. As a boy on the farm, he turned eagerly from the human world of work and character to the influences of an infinitely curious and beautiful outer nature; and as an old man, he is still immersed in these influences. They are richer, as the man is richer, but they still proceed from the enchantments of outer nature rather than from the inner life of the spirit.

II

If the two, nature and spirit, are indeed one, as Burroughs believes, there has been a genuine advance in his career from poetic observation to scientific study, to spiritual insight. But the spiritual insight of Burroughs is clearly not that of the sages, his own Emerson included, who have invariably assumed a dualism that he denies. Science, according to Burroughs, has rendered impossible the conception of any sort of dualism in creation; "when the man of science seeks to understand and explain the world in which we live, he guards against seeing double, or seeing two worlds instead of one, as our unscientific fathers did—an immaterial or spiritual world surrounding and interpenetrating the physical world, or the supernatural enveloping and directing the natural." He is at a loss, he admits a little naively, to account for this "mythopoetic tendency" of our unscientific fathers, unless, perchance, it served a good purpose, along with indubitably bad effects, in the evolution of mankind. But he has no doubt that it is high time that we discard the superstitions of dualism, since "hedge or qualify as we will, man is a part of Nature. . . . Can there be anything in the universe that is not of the universe? Can we make two or three out of the one?"

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It will not serve to remind Burroughs, who respects the natural but not the human past, that Christ did so, that Plato and Aristotle did so, that Dante and Milton did so, that all the wise men in the history of mankind have done so, basing their conviction on the very nature of consciousness itself; for Burroughs will answer that science has now shown that consciousness itself has a "physiological origin," "that the spiritual has its root in the carnal." Somewhere on the long road, he says picturesquely, man picked up his brain, and somewhere, later, he developed his ethical system. We shall look in vain in nature, not only for reason and holiness, but also for our ethical principles; she is non-moral, her needs are all physical; while we have her curiosity, jealousy, sex love, fear, etc., she knows nothing of our "exclusively human" emotions and impulses such as awe, veneration, humility, self-sacrifice, shame, and modesty. These human properties began "*de novo* in him only as the wing began *de novo* in the bird, or the color began *de novo* in the flower," and were built up by men through the contacts of society. "They are the fruit of the social aggregate."

Yet the scientific attitude that forbids our seeing double results, as Burroughs himself confesses, in fundamental contradictions. "I am aware," he says, "that two ideas, or principles, struggle in my mind for mastery. One is the idea of the super-mechanical and the super-chemical character of living things; the other is the supremacy and universality of what we call natural law." The supernatural point of view springs from his "literary habit of mind"; the natural, from his "scientific bent." Hence the reader is to expect "obvious contradictions." And he will find them. On the one hand Burroughs asserts that nature is simply man viewed externally, that we may come to know ourselves through a study of her; on the other, that we have exclusively human traits of the highest importance which cannot be studied in her. On the one hand he regards these peculiarly human traits as the most valuable possessions of humanity, and on the other is well pleased, with Wordsworth (whom he quotes),

> . . . . . to recognize
> *In nature* and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my *moral* being.

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On the one hand he insists upon nature and spirit as an inalienable unity, rejecting the reality of dualism, and on the other completely "lives in *two separate* compartments of his being at different times." Nor are these to be regarded as verbal or superficial contradictions, as a concrete instance will show: Burroughs's conception of the great war of 1914. War itself, we may note in passing, he views as a beneficent institution ("There must be something that vastly more than offsets the brutal element in it"), while believing also that it is a maleficent institution that the scientific spirit will eventually exorcise. In the World War Germany, who had led the rest of the world in our modern cultivation of science "as if it were our salvation," found that "the gods of science" were on her side. Did this fact place Burroughs too on her side? Not in the least; it only made him fear deeply that she would win and impose a Germanized world upon us, and it did not prevent his warm advocacy of the cause of the Allies, who had "the gods of the moral law" on their side, on the surprising ground that "our blended inheritance from Greece and Judea and the meditative Orient" was at stake — "the spirit that begat literature, poesy, art, music." The modern Germany of science, of vital impulse, and grandiose idealism, though it is the state that his thinking leads to, is after all not the state that Burroughs wants. In the hour of crisis, he rallies to the defense of the dualistic, humanistic tradition of the Orient and the Mediterranean to which, in his mode of life and his writings, he has given scant attention and praise. The votary of the gods of science is at heart, with all the sages, a worshipper of the gods of the moral law. He finds that he must distinguish in practice, if not in theory, between nature and man.

In theory, however, he returns on every page to the irrefragable unity of things, and to the bland optimism that accompanies this conception whenever it is emphasized. "It is the best possible world." He is in love with it, aye, with "its storms and earthquakes, its wars, its famines, and contagious diseases." Man is a mere speck, presently to be wiped out when the stars cool off; he is only "the insect of a summer hour"; he is brother to the apples that nature drops from the tree in the process of thinning—we, the dropped apples, must think of the tree, and be happy. Only so shall we enter fully into the wonder of life. The won-

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der!—here perhaps we have the key to the emotional compartment of John Burroughs. It is all so curious, so endlessly curious, this world we happen to find ourselves in. What we learn, far from diminishing its curiosity, but adds to it more and more. The doctrine of evolution, instead of undermining the wonder and mystery of life, has increased it immeasurably. So much to learn, so much to enjoy—how could one wish for a better world? Study the wing of a butterfly, the habits of the chipmunk, the long road of the past up which they have marched as man has marched: are greater wonders conceivable? "Transport yourself in imagination away from the earth to the vacancy of the interstellar regions. Can you convince yourself that there would be no over and no under, no east and no west, no north and no south?" "If one rode upon a meteorite rushing toward the earth, would one have the sensation of falling?" Is there no cause in these things, in all things, for infinite wonder? Pitiable indeed is the state of the man who was not endowed with the faculty of wonder or whose sense of wonder has been blunted by use. "I think I was born under happy stars, with a keen sense of wonder, which has never left me, and which only becomes jaded a little now and then." As one might expect, the wonder of a scientific temper like that of Burroughs leads from the present to the past rather than to the future. The future a Bergsonian must regard as completely unknowable; but if nothing may be predicted, much may be recollected. "As life nears its end with me," writes Burroughs in *The Breath of Life,* "I find myself meditating more and more upon the mystery of its nature and origin." Not man as he is, still less man as he might be, is the subject of scientific wonder, but man as he was when he was not man at all. Nothing can be more wonderful, to such a man, than to turn the ancient soil with a spade and lay bare the geologic ages—an abyss opens up that is indeed calculated to swallow his "identity," and everything else. If wonder and religion are the same, as Burroughs assumes; if an intellectually imaginative response to nature carried to the point of an emotional self-annihilation is spirituality, then unquestionably John Burroughs is to be ranked among the major prophets of the soul.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

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A GENERATION LOST?

BY F. V. KEYS

THE lake, which has sustained in turn the gaze of Calvin and Voltaire, of Gibbon and Madame de Stael, of Byron and Rousseau,—the lake lies shimmering in the haze that almost veils the Alps and Jura and softens the stony bastion of the Mont Saléve. It is an afternoon, like all autumn afternoons, for memories; above all, for memories of the significant dead. . . . Irresistibly a spot beckons me yonder from the green base of the Saléve, where, thirty years ago—or was it not yesterday?—I spent an eternal month of happy days with one who is no more. Private persons, like nations, and epochs, have their significant dead.

. . .

The tram line that carries you across the frontier is like any other; the country-side of the Canton surely melts imperceptibly into that of Savoy; and yet!—Before the officer comes on to examine your *laissez-passer,* your eyes have found subtle differences in the fields and hedgerows in the trees and vines of the soil of sacred France. But soon it is more than a subtle change that affects the scene,—the air, still as the in-drawn breath of the intently listening, the white ribboning road, the autumn fields, the sunshine on the village roofs. Sentries stand red-trousered by their boxes, with fixed bayonets, by the corner of peaceful hayfields, where old men and very young boys are at work, or only women and girls. Children gathering potatoes, that mottle the hoed earth in the sunlight, look up at you as you pass with the same grave faces which the old men turn toward you without pausing in their slow steady labor. The quiet voices of women here and there, some washing clothes at the fountain before the *mairie,* others coming and going about the yards and gardens, the slim black-clad *bourgeoise* by the tall iron gate at the notary's house,—

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these seem only to punctuate the intense silence that accompanies the immense, the sustained and patient effort with which France battles for her freedom, and mankind's.

. . .

The guard, of gigantic stature, has viséd my passport and returned it, with a sudden softening of his frowning official scrutiny into the warm smile that greets an ally. He has also, with a single elbowed scratch in the road with his boot, given me the direction to the hamlet I am looking for. The whole French directness is in the method. It is also in the words of the little girl I meet in the climbing lane shadowed by great walnut trees between the hayfields. *Filez droit devant vous,* she says, and justifies my expectation of her clear grey eyes, her beautifully pencilled brows, her quick color, the energy of her compact black-clad figure. Swiftly she runs down with a greeting. . . .

Dimly, dimly, something is remembering, recognizing. This steep and narrow lane; the tangle in the hedge yonder—yes, it is the clematis and wild rose we used to pick in bloom. . . . Eye and heart are at the eternal trick again, conniving to defeat, in unessentials, the eternal law of change; imploring, grasping at straws, grateful for trifles that, for an instant, may push back the years. Ages hence, this clematis will still be growing here and twisting about the red-hawed briar to give a body to Memory, beneath the autumn sun.

Almost with certainty I come to a stand on the top of the incline, while my gaze follows the cross-road to where a low white-walled house rises at its edge behind two pollard plane-trees. Before it, undulating, poplar-tipped, meadow and field and vineyard sweep downward toward the just perceptible blue which is the horn of the lake, a faint eye looking at you through the folds of violet mist. Behind, the beetling precipice of the Saléve.

An old woman is hanging out a wash on the paling of the orchard near me. I ask if yonder is the house occupied by M. B—, say thirty years ago? She looks at me, murmurs a moment to herself, and answers, yes. Of course, I say, he is no longer . . . ? Of course, she returns; but there are relatives there now. She bids me good-day, and goes on shaking out her wash.

A man past middle age is going about the paddock beside the house. I fancy a resemblance, but it vanishes when he

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speaks. M. B— was milder, happier, more prosperous with a wide generous prosperity not often seen now in people's faces. This man is less of a vine-grower, more of an *aubergiste.* Wait a moment, he says; he will call his wife. He goes to the kitchen door and calls Christine! She comes out, a woman in her later fifties; her close black hair neatly dressed, her face grave, with wrinkles of sorrow and anxiety about her keen black eyes. Her front teeth are gone from the upper jaw, but the lower ones have nearly grown up to supply them. She listens quietly to my remarks, and though she does not quite comprehend why I am here, courteously helps out my halting enquiries. Yes, the arbor beside the road, hid in a bower of clematis and woodbine where we dined, was gone. It was too draughty, and had got too old. And the high walnuts in the enclosure beyond, which had shaded our croquet games and long loiterings through the enchanted days, they too were gone. Between her time and M. B—, there had been a tenant, who had let everything run down. He had felled the walnuts. Those young fruit-trees in the orchard, they had planted them since they had taken possession. It was the old paternal place. She was M. B—'s youngest sister. The other half of the ground had been sold. To shiftless people,—you could see where their property began, how they let it go. It is true; the second crop of hay is over-ripe, and makes a frowzy border to her closely mown orchard. But that brown chalet gable showing among the trees on the rise yonder, does it not date back . . . ? Yes, the L—'s place, and they are still the owners. The name floats into my ear like an echo, and I smell again the rich fragrance of nosegays from a radiant garden.

The warmth of my interest rouses some in her. She in turn tries to question me, with backward looking eyes. . . . Yes, there were families, English, and Americans too, she fancies she can remember. But the attempt breaks down, and we go on to pick up members of the brother's household whom my memory can tag. He himself died in '98, after much suffering. His wife died two years later. She was blind, and had a mania that she was persecuted; and that ended by killing her. I remember her, a dignified matron in a beautiful frilled white cap, a famous cook, and urbane hostess. And the young nephew and niece, the orphans they, who were childless, were providing for? Ah

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yes, they were on *her* side. Marc,—a vision of a rustic Apollo on the high hay-wagon between the walnut-trees,—Marc had not done well. He was in *la misère*. And Marie his sister,—a nymph of supple grace,—had turned out ill. She had gone to Paris, was an ironer in a laundry. She married and had two children, and then her husband left her. And she took up with a coiffeur, learned the hair-dressing business herself. But they fell out; and one day she went to the coiffeur's and cut his throat. She got fifteen years penal servitude. She must be just about out now; yes, just about now. And the other Marie, the kitchen-maid, had died in her first confinement. *Ah mon Dieu, que tout ca est mort!*

She repeats her refrain, *que tout ca est mort!* And I buried my own daughter, she goes on, with a deeper tone in her voice, and her hand at her face. Buried her, at eighteen years. Consumption, ah, the terrible disease! and she turns away her head as if from a sight too piteous to bear. At eighteen years. And her deep eyes look into mine. No, it is no longer the same world.

And with that word, it is with us, the Third that has lain behind our words and our silences. *La Guerre.*

. . .

She has three sons at the front. Yes, they have all three come through so far,—she has been lucky! She checks herself a moment to ask what she can offer me? A cup of tea, if she can spare the time to drink one with me. She signifies that for the present there is no question of time, and proposes that we remove to the bench and table at the side of the house. There, behind the hedge of bright dahlias, when she has drunk up her cup in three rapid mouthfuls, she resumes: Yes, they have all been in the thick of it since the beginning. One in Champagne, one in Argonne, one in the Vosges. They had written home regularly. And think of it,—they all three have been back on leave. All together, without any knowing that the others were to get off too. The first one surprised her; and while he was saying how fine it would be if the others could get off now, there they were at the door. They were married men, they had a week, instead of four days. One of them was still here. Probably he would be round soon.

And then the eternal query, which is half a mere sigh,—when will it all end? And eyes that instinctively are scan-

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ning your face, beseeching an answer. This strange and terrible new world, this Something that reaches out for its fell tribute to the humblest and highest hearth in the land, when will it be over at last? No, it will never be the same world again, for us who grew up in that old kindly world, and have lived to see the sudden brutal end of an epoch. . .

. . .

We hear his voice saying a word to the father as he passes along the path to where the mother sits with me. He looks well, the soldier on leave; as his mother says, better than when they went, all three of them. In his blue shirt and wide blue corduroy trousers tucked into the top-boots, he stands lean as a rail, his blue eyes looking straight at you from out of the deep red tan of his face. A curious sort of quiet surrounds him, like that which follows on the sudden stopping of an uproar.

Yes, they were in luck, to get back together, the three of them. Their work was cut out for them, up yonder. They had to root *them* out, out of the earth itself,—and he looked at the ground as if he saw *them* there. It had to be done. For if *they* had got in last year, it would have been all up with the country; it would have been turned into something different. Yes, I was right, we must change some things too. We should have been better prepared. The English too; though if it hadn't been for their fleet—! So I had relatives too at the front? Volunteers. He repeats the word briefly, as if it suggested something out of the natural order, as one might talk of men volunteering to breathe. Had come thousands of miles? He should like to know exactly what a mile meant in kilometers. Up yonder they were always talking of miles. He thought it would be more sensible if people all had the same system of measures. And of currency too. There were a lot of matters of that kind that needed straightening out. . . They were heavy drinkers up in the north, say in Normandy. Drank great quantities of the hard cider of the district. As for absinthe—there were all sorts of substitutes for it for those who would have it.

His mind insistently reverts to the problems of normal times. Meantime, he returns *là-bas* in a couple of days; and after,—*il faut espérer. . !* Ah, there is the postman. *Eh bien, au revoir.* . . There is only a tighter grasp of the hand to suggest a difference. . .

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She has finished reading the communiqués in the Lyons paper left by the postman, and holds her folded spectacles in her hand, pondering. When you just read things in print, you somehow don't quite believe they happened that way. But when you are told things by people who have *seen,* it is different. And yet, even then, you can scarcely realize it, believe it. Here, it is all so tranquil, so *natural.* It is little wonder the English are so slow to understand. They have never known war.

There was the house of the tax-collector in the village they were forced to retire from. He had a pretty daughter, a girl of sixteen. When they fought their way back again, they found him bound to the stove in the sitting-room. And the mother begged them, while they were unbinding him, to look for her daughter, *they* had taken her into the next room. . . there were twelve of them. . . At last they found her, in the well. It seems, they dig the wells fearfully deep up yonder. . . And on the frontier, there was such trouble with spies. They had been 'worked' for years, trained into traitors. At one place, they sent out patrol after patrol, and they never came back. They relied on the directions of a lady who was always walking there, with her two daughters. At last, they began to suspect something was wrong. They took the opposite way from the lady's directions. They returned safely. And they took the ladies, all three, and gave them the traitors' end.

She pauses, with eyes that look inward, seeing them as women. . .

They say, that men fall beside you, and die; and you take no notice. . .

As she sees it, she closes, it's a generation lost, *une génération perdue.* For of those that come back,—they won't be the same. Her sons say so too. They are married men with children, steady fellows, all of them. But the young men, most of them won't come back what they were. We should have been better prepared. The French, you see, they are too gentle, *trop doux,* too confiding. Yes, there are many things we must change.

And her last brave and quiet word is,—*il faut espérer.* . .

. . .

The cool of evening is tempering the air, here in the winding road where I am waiting for the tram to take me back, seated on the stone bench to which the post-mistress

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directed me. Above and about me, walnut, oak and chestnut raise their monumental leafage against the bare seamed face of the Saléve. My eyes search the great rock, level by level, cranny, nook and crevice, recognizing details, aspects forgotten down the long bend of the years. . .

Without a sound, upon the white dust of the road, appears a black figure. A tiny old man is mounting slowly, slowly, up from the village, beneath the great arch of verdure that makes an aisle of the road. He leans on a thick stick, and carries his black coat over one shoulder.

When opposite to me, he halts, and lifts his black felt hat with a courteous greeting. He is clad in black trousers and a coarse linen shirt, unironed, and beautifully clean. His black leather boots are oiled, and neatly tied, and almost as small as a boy's. His clear little features are as neat as his clothes. Erect and frail as an aspen leaf, he is as sweet and wholesome as a blade of ripe grain. His voice, a little timid, purls from his toothless gums as softly as the brook that tinkles behind the hedge.

Perhaps I was acquainted in the village—?

I regret. . .

Then I did not belong to the village—?

No, I didn't belong to the village.

Perhaps some errand had brought me too, then—? He is feeling, in the strange place, for some contact, some foothold of companionship.

I had come only to look up a place where I once was as a child, long ago.

Ah yes, he says softly, to be sure, long ago.

It was different, then. Different everywhere. It seemed as if one had lived a hundred years since last summer.

He nods, comprehending. Who, he falters, who would ever have believed it, believed it to be possible? He raises his hand with a baffled gesture, and sways on his stick like a leaf in the breath of the wind. He keeps saying, *"Qu'y faut-il penser, qu'y faut-il penser?"* His dim eyes question the vista of the road, and you see in them the vision of fugitives, who, like himself, are old. . .

Something urges me to say: we must be patient. He leans toward me, all eager. That was what he said too; it was patience we needed. What good did it do, getting into a passion; what good did it do, to rebel? No, we must be patient; and then, in the end. . .

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And he, I query in turn, was he looking for someone?

Yes, for his daughter. Her husband was gardener on an estate here. That is, before the war. And they had let her stay on.

And the soldier?

Yes, by last accounts he was well. There were two others too, who had come through so far, had been at the front too, all the time. And again,—there was his youngest daughter's husband, now; the one who was settled in the city yonder. He went out the sixth of last August, and by the fourteenth of September he was killed. . . What to think of it all, what to think. . .

A young woman comes down the road with her basket, on her way to the village. To the old man's question she answers that he must go straight up the road, and on the left he will find his daughter, in the garden cutting vegetables. If she should have gone, the ladies are on the terrace, they will direct him. He nods to me with a quaint smile, as he bends his back to the ascent.

Soon, from beyond the hedge and shrubbery comes the sound of voices; a young voice, pouring forth in a torrent of resentment and revolt, and an old voice, faint and trembling. . . A moment later they pass across an elbow of the road; a young woman with stormy shoulders; the tiny old man; and between them, two toddling children. A gap; *une génération perdue.*

. . .

Evening is drawing into the fields as we wind past, gathering shadows under the motionless oaks. Toward the south, perpendicular, ashen pale, the horn of the young moon hangs in the eaves of the sky. Why does that faint crescent make you think of innocence? Innocence of young children who have not yet put on, of the old who have at last put off, complicity with the wrongs of life. . .

What is it, to remember?

For the weak, it is lamentation; the baffled senses; bitterness; despair. For the strong, it is understanding; consecration; the orienting of the soul. If it was for the strong to die, it is for the strong to remember. The rememberers shall make of the generation lost, the generation redeemed, the generation of the Significant Dead.

F. V. KEYS.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE, PATHOLOGICALLY

BY MERTON S. YEWDALE

No greater injustice can be done to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe than to acquit him wholly of the very vices that made his personality so fascinating and at the same time contributed so much to his genius. Even Poe himself, who during his lifetime sought to mystify not only by his personal life but by his writings, would have been the last man to applaud or even encourage well-meaning biographers either to disprove or palliate his weaknesses, particularly if by so doing it would strip him of the mystery which always enveloped his personality.

Poe understood too well the dramatic possibilities of abnormality, and it would have been wholly inconsistent with his eccentric temperament to have endorsed any attempt to absolve him of his abnormalities, if it meant that his personality would be deprived of the dramatic interest which those very abnormalities heightened. Moreover, it is highly probable that Poe, with his peculiar vanity,[1] secretly admired his own vices, and that he would rather have gone down to posterity as a great villain than as an insignificant saint.

Who knows but that the poet may have had some such idea in his mind when he selected the perfidious Griswold to write his memoirs—Griswold, Poe's Evil Angel, who thought himself a great poet, and whose poetry Poe excoriated, thus making an implacable enemy for himself?

But whether or not Poe selected Griswold with malice aforethought, it is certain that Griswold avenged himself on the dead poet, and in a most malignant and jealous spirit, blackened his character almost beyond belief.

[1] James A. Harrison, in his *Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe,* said that a "report current in the corps was that he [Poe] was a grandson of Benedict Arnold. Some good-natured friend told him of it, and Poe did not contradict it, but seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the mistake."

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True it is that other biographers have erred by presenting Poe in perhaps too favorable a light, but somehow we are more inclined to forgive a charitable perversion of the truth than a vindictive one. We like to feel that the man whose works we revere had some good personal qualities, if for no other reason than that it assists our appreciation of his labors and strengthens our belief in his genius.

It would seem that this is a most unfair attitude to take toward the works of genius, particularly when there have been so many geniuses whose lives were anything but commendable, and yet it has been so from the beginning of recorded time. Human nature seems not to change in this respect, and there is example after example where appreciation of the man's labors was withheld simply because his mode of life was an offense to society.

Now granting that Poe had vices and that his critic wishes to discuss them, there seem to be two methods of procedure: the first is to consider the vices from a moral point of view—which would be but to hold the man up as a bad example and to consign him to perdition for his sins; the other is to consider his vices, not as bad habits grafted onto an otherwise good but weak character, but as being imbedded in his character so deeply as to be as much a part of his true self as is his genius. This second method we might call the pathological one, and it has this advantage over the other: it seeks not to judge Poe according to the Beatitudes, but aims only to analyze the causes of his aberrations. Besides it will in no wise detract from the already deep mystery surrounding his life and works; on the contrary, it will perhaps have the opposite effect—that of deepening the mystery as to how and why nature created a man with so many brilliant qualities, and then damned him with so many weaknesses.

We hear it commonly said that Edgar Allan Poe is the greatest of all American literary artists, and so he is; yet what is there distinctively American about him save that he was born in Boston? Stedman says: "From his father he inherited Italian, French, and Irish blood. * * * His mother, Elizabeth Arnold * * * was as purely English as her name." Harrison[1] says: "Rich currents of Irish, Scotch, English, and American blood ran together in

[1] Harrison says that Poe combined within himself "Celtic mysticism, Irish fervor, Scotch melody, the iris-tipped fantasy of the Shelleys and the Coleridges, and the independence and alertness of the transatlantic American into whom all the Old World characteristics had been born, on whom all these treasures of music and imagination, of passion and mystery had been bestowed by some fairy godmother."

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his palpitating veins and produced a psychic blend unlike that of any other American poet." * * * In addition, Poe was much influenced by the wave of German mysticism which swept over America during his time.

It is almost hopeless to try to analyze a man with so great a mixture of different racial traits. He might have inherited his love of mysticism and whiskey from the Irish and Scotch; his sense of logic and ratiocination from the French; his literary quality and care in his accounts from the English and Americans; his love of splendor and grandeur from the Italians. His drug-taking he might have inherited from his Irish and English ancestry.

But even this does not explain why the man was as he was. There is obviously some other explanation—and one that accounts for his pathological condition.

Now it must not be taken for granted that because Poe was morbid and melancholy his writings were the immediate product of a brain diseased by alcohol and drugs; for it can easily be shown from his own confessions and the testimony of those who knew him well that a single drink of wine sent him into nervous hysteria, and that after a debauch he was incapacitated for days. He might conceivably have worked under the influence while he wrote at home, but he certainly was not an habitual drunkard, and especially when he filled his various positions of editor.

Of course, there were times when as editor he imbibed; several times he was found drunk at his post, and once or twice he was dismissed. But to say that all his work was done while he was drunk or drugged is an idle and malicious statement that cannot be proved.

Poe drank and drugged, but only periodically. After his wife's death he indulged more than ever; but that he swallowed whiskey and laudanum to get inspirations for his weird tales and poems (as is so often charged) is wholly incompatible with the temperament of the man.

But the question is not so much whether Poe drank and drugged much or little, but why he did; and the answer seems to be found in the peculiar make-up of his character.

At first view it would appear that Edgar Allan Poe had been born without human feeling, but this seems hardly possible when we consider his love and solicitude for his child-wife, Virginia, and her mother, Mrs. Clemm. Nevertheless, his feeling was not a free agent, as it is in the normal

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man. In fact, there is every indication that his feeling was almost wholly under the strong, magnetic power of his intellect—that is, his intellect fed, like a parasite, on his feelings. It is just as though there was between his heart and brain a system of wires over which currents of emotion passed from his heart into his brain, there to combine with his thoughts, the contact producing the sparks which in turn made his genius.

Conceive then a heart continually pouring feelings of melancholy and mysticism into a brain illuminated by the light of cold reason and logic, and you have a combination well-nigh fatal to any man's personal well-being.

Now what greatly complicated matters was that Poe's mind was excessively ratiocinative: recollect *The Gold Bug,* and *Maelzel's Chess-Player.* No less did speculative mystery interest him: recollect *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar,* and *A Descent into the Maëlstrom.* Even in the prose-poem, *Eureka,* that combination of intuition and scientific investigation, he attempted to solve the mystery of life and the universe.

Reason was the dominant force of his life. It drove him like a slave-driver with a black lash in his hand. Yet Poe was continually experimenting with the processes of reasoning. There is a report that one day Poe had a visitor, and that while the visitor was talking, Poe kept on writing. The visitor, becoming irritated at Poe's inattention, mentioned the matter, whereupon Poe replied that he meant no discourtesy, and that he was merely experimenting to see if he could listen to a conversation and write coherently at the same time. And thus through his entire life he was investigating, analyzing and comparing, being driven always by that irresistible force—Reason.

Now if Poe was mad, as so many people claim, it was not from mysticism or even melancholy, but reason, and Chesterton makes that very nice distinction in his chapter on *The Maniac.*[1]

And farther on he says:

> Mysticism keeps men sane. As long as you have mystery you have health; when you destroy mystery you create morbidity. * * *

[1] "Imagination does not breed insanity. Exactly what does breed insanity is reason. Poets do not go mad, but chess-players do. Mathematicians go mad, and cashiers; but creative artists very seldom. * * * Moreover, it is worthy of remark that when a poet really was morbid it was commonly because he had some weak spot of rationality on his brain. Poe, for instance, really was morbid; not because he was poetical, but because he was specially analytical."

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The morbid logician seeks to make everything lucid, and succeeds in making everything mysterious.

In some sense this reasoning of Chesterton's applies directly to Poe, but with this exception: Poe was at once a mystic, a creative artist, and a logician; likewise, he was a mathematician. One of his contemporaries wrote: "He [Poe] had a wonderful aptitude for mathematics"; while Harrison said: "Now his mind developed a strange and lucid power of analytical reasoning, like a sixth sense suddenly superadded to a brain already abnormally developed."

We know that even from his boyhood Poe was so morbid that he used to go at night to the graveyard and sit near the grave of one of his beloved friends, and as Harrison says, he later

revelled in the senses and in sense-products—rhythm, landscape, psychological phenomena of a dim and terrible yet sensualistic character, borderlands betwixt life and death, flashes of the subliminal consciousness whence well up mysterious telepathic communications between the seen and the unseen, fateful and funereal scenes of ruin, desolation, and decay draped in the utmost pomp and magic of style.

All of which shows that Poe was both logical and morbid, and that between the two, particularly when he was sober, he was pursued continually by reason and phantasmagoria.

But the reviewer of Gill's *Life of Poe* says that his intoxication "took the form of terrible despondency," which seems inconsistent; for why should the man drink to induce in a greater degree the very thing that he was trying to rid himself of when he was in his sober senses?

Is it not more probable that Poe drank because he discovered that whiskey dispelled for the time being the specters of his sober imagination, and broke the hold that reason had on his intellect?

And may not whiskey have released what little human feeling he had from the clutch of his parasitic intellect and given him a rest from the incessant warfare which went on within him?

In a letter to Mrs. Whitman, Poe wrote:

I have absolutely *no* pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes so madly indulge. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have perilled life and reputation and reason. It has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories.

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This letter was written probably after the death of his wife.

Whatever the change that whiskey wrought in him, it is certain that it supplied him with something that was left out of him at birth, and *that* something was social instinct. He was by nature a solitary man and apparently he visited very little, showing his want of animal spirits and aversion to society.

But whiskey altered him; for in his letter to a now unknown friend he wrote:

> The desire for society comes upon me only when I have become excited by drink. Then *only* I go—that is, at these times only I *have been* in the practice of going among my friends; who seldom, or in fact never, having seen me unless excited, take it for granted that I am always so.

It is evident then that Poe's drinking was to get "surcease from sorrow," to feel the human relation with his fellow-men, and to dispel rather than intensify his melancholy. And it is equally evident that he hardly ever went among his friends; from which it follows that a great part of his life was lived in private of which we know very little.

In a letter which Mr. George R. Graham wrote to Mr. W. F. Gill, he said: "The mysteries of his (Poe's) inner life were never revealed to any one, but his intimates well understood that to mystify his hearer was a strong element of his mind." "The mysteries of his inner life"—his love affairs? No, they were quite well known. What then? May it not have been his laudanum-taking?

As whiskey excited him, diffused his faculties, and made him sociable, so laudanum quieted him, concentrated his faculties, and increased his solitariness, and it brought about a state of mind which he describes in *Berenice*.

> To muse for long unwearied hours, with my attention riveted to some frivolous device on the margin or in the typography of a book, to become absorbed, for the better part of a summer's day, in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry or upon the floor; to lose myself, for an entire night, in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire; to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower; to repeat monotonously, some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind; to lose all sense of motion or physical existence, by means of bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in: such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not indeed, altogether unparal-

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leled, but certainly bidding defiance to anything like analysis or explanation.

Any one acquainted with the effect of laudanum, and especially in heavy doses, knows that the pupils of the laudanum-taker's eyes close almost to pin-points, and that the mind centers itself with great concentration upon the first object to hand. As Poe said, it may be "some frivolous device on the margin or in the typography of a book."

But on the other hand, De Quincey said that laudanum "gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections," and is a "healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation from pain that had disturbed and quarreled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good," and which induces in the laudanum-taker a feeling that the "diviner part of his nature is paramount — that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and high over all is the great light of the majestic intellect."

The difference in the two men's descriptions of the effect of laudanum is merely the difference in the size of the dose. Poe's description would indicate that the dose had been large— De Quincey's, that it had been small.

Now if as De Quincey says, laudanum makes the user feel that the "diviner part of his nature is paramount — that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity," then it is very probable that laudanum was the means of inducing in Poe thoughts and feelings of love. As to the kind of love — that has always been a question. Some say that Poe was a libertine; some say he was self-interested in getting some woman to help him financially; some say he was the perfect type of poet-lover and woman-worshiper. We, however, think that he was none of these; that he was merely a dreamer about love and exalted more by love itself than fascinated by the objects of his love.

On this point Stedman says, that Poe "was not a libertine. Woman was to him the impersonation of celestial beauty, her influence soothed and elevated him, and in her presence he was gentle, winning and subdued."

And Wilmer says:

Of all men that I ever knew, he [Poe] was the most passionless. Poets of ardent temperament, such as Anacreon, Ovid, Byron, and Tom Moore, will always display their constitutional peculiarity in their literary compositions; but Edgar Allan Poe never wrote a line that

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gave expression to a libidinous thought. The female creations of his fancy are all either statues or angels. His conversation, at all times, was as chaste as that of a vestal, and his conduct, while I knew him, was correspondingly blameless.

In *Berenice* Poe wrote (probably a self-analysis): "In the strange anomaly of my existence, feelings with me, *had never been* of the heart, and my passions were always of the mind."

Then we have the testimony of Mrs. Osgood, who wrote on her death bed, seven months after Poe's death:

I think no one could know him—no one *has* known him personally—certainly no woman—without feeling the same interest [as I did]. I can sincerely say that I have frequently *heard* of his aberrations on his part from the "straight and narrow path." I have never *seen* him otherwise than gentle, generous, well bred, and fastidiously refined. To a sensitively and delicately nurtured woman, there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect. It was this which first commanded and always retained my regard for him.

And then we have Poe's own estimate of women. In his *Poetic Principle,* he said:

No nobler *theme* ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate while, in his adversity, he still retains the unwavering love of woman. * * * He feels it [true Poesy] in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the luster of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments, in her burning enthusiasms, in her gentle charities, in her meek and devotional endurances; but above all—ah! far above all—he kneels to it, he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her love.

Yet it was generally believed that though his affections for women were unusually ardent, they were fleeting and capricious; and there seems to be some truth in the statement, for in a letter to Mrs. Shew (June, 1848), he wrote: "Are you to vanish like all I love, or desire, from my darkened and 'lost soul'? . . . There was love, hope, and *sorrow* in your smile, instead of love, hope, and *courage* as before. . . . Unless some true and tender and pure womanly love saves me, I shall hardly last a year longer alive."

In an undated letter to Mrs. Whitman, but written probably in 1848 also, he wrote: "But ah, darling, if I *seem* selfish, yet believe that I truly, *truly* love you, and that it

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is the most spiritual love that I speak, even if I speak it from the depths of the most passionate of hearts."

And in November, 1848, he wrote to Mrs. Richmond: "But, Annie, I know that you felt too deeply the nature of my love for you to doubt *that* even for one moment, and this thought had comforted me in my bitter sorrow."

Now any man who, in the short space of a year, could write such love letters to three women certainly was not truly in love with any one of them. The best that can be said of Poe is that he was fascinated by the mystery of love or that opium had made him sentimental. An anonymous author, writing on the subject of opium, says:

> The opium-eater is without sexual appetite; anger, envy, malice, and the entire hell-brood claiming kin to these, seem dead within him, or at least asleep; while gentleness, kindness, benevolence, together with a sort of sentimental religionism, constitute his habitual frame of mind. If a man has a poetical gift, opium almost irresistibly stirs it into utterance.

Now if Poe had been a sensualist, there might have been some reason for his indiscriminate love-making, but that he was physically cold and passionless; that he took laudanum; that he wrote a special letter to Mrs. Whitman in which he said: "But there was yet another idea which impelled me to send you those lines — 'I said to myself the sentiment — the holy passion which glows in my bosom *for her,* is of Heaven, heavenly, and has not taint of earth;'" that the characters of his women friends were beyond reproach, are sufficient evidence that his outpourings of love were nothing more than drug-induced ecstasies of love, as visionary and idealistic as his love poems.

Still there may be another reason why he so ardently declared his love; his women friends, particularly Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Osgood, were women of unusually strong characters, and mixed with their high regard for the man was undoubtedly the maternal instinct. To them Poe probably seemed like a child, and his constant pleading to them, rather than a masterful domination over them, must have elicited their pity and solicitude, rather than their deep, passionate love.

We get a hint of his suppliant attitude from *Ligeia,* and while he is apparently speaking of his child-wife, he must have had some one else in mind, since he always taught and

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completely dominated Virginia. Perhaps he was thinking of Mrs. Whitman when he wrote:

> I saw not then what I now clearly perceive, that the acquisitions of Ligeia were gigantic, were astounding; yet I was sufficiently aware of her infinite supremacy to resign myself, with a childlike confidence, to her guidance through the chaotic world of metaphysical investigation at which I was most busily occupied during earlier years of our marriage. * * * Without Ligeia I was but as a child groping benighted.

But the manifestations of his moods are so many and so varied that it is almost impossible to make accurate deductions. However, it is doubtless true that laudanum lulled his restless spirit, thereby permitting his moral feelings to rise to a plane of love — pure and ethereal, and that the world of specters and phantoms being temporarily banished, the poet was ushered into another world (perhaps that of youth), bright, full of light, hope and promise.

Likewise, it is certain that his fine friendships with those noble women encouraged him to fight the demons that were continually dragging him down into the maelstrom, and though he lost the gallant fight, it must be forever credited to his loyal women friends that they saved him long enough for him to do the work that has stamped him as the greatest literary intellect of America.

Is Poe to be condemned? He was born with an abnormal intellect which was continually seething with thoughts of death, tombs, graveyards, together with "funereal scenes of ruin, desolation, and decay draped in the utmost pomp and magic of style." And only in alcohol and drugs did he seem to find relief from these diabolic apparitions.

He was born without human emotions, or with them so submerged in his intellect that he could almost be said to have been a man without a heart. Laudanum seemed to supply, or at least unleash his emotions. Who can say surely that whiskey and laudanum were not as necessary to his life as apparently the specters and phantoms were to his genius?

Almost every biographer has speculated as to the heights that Poe's genius would have reached had he abstained from alcohol and drugs, and perhaps lengthened his life. But one might easily reply that with an intellect which saw the world with such clearness and intensity, amounting almost to a demoniac concentration, and with a nature that was chronically morbid, it is difficult to prove

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that alcohol and drugs did not keep him from plunging early in life over into raving insanity. Even when speaking of the death of his wife, Poe said: "I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank — God only knows how often or how much."

Poe died very much as he had lived — still wondering at the mysteries of life and death. It makes little difference now that he was a drunkard, a drug-user, a recluse, a misanthrope; he was a great literary artist, who paid the highest price for his genius of any man who ever lived. And it behooves us to put aside all moral considerations and to remember only that it was largely through his efforts that the name of America was prominently engraved upon the literary scroll of the world.

MERTON S. YEWDALB.

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YEAST: A VICTORIAN HERESY

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

"YOUR book," Carlyle wrote Kingsley, "is definable as *crude;* to make the malt sweet the fire should and must be slow; the impression is of a fervid creation, still left half chaotic." Someone else has aptly characterized *Yeast* as "genius in a hurry." Nowhere else has Kingsley poured himself so recklessly over the printed page as in this novel written before his thirtieth birthday. *Yeast* lacks *genus:* it begins like a romance; proceeds as a political tract; and ends like a fairy-tale. But though nearly three-quarters of a century old, it still glows with Kingsley's ardour. The placid Victorian past becomes suddenly alive with fierce religious and social disputes. True, the turbulence of feeling in the book is somewhat disconcerting; and often its falsetto artistry provokes mirth; but its air of burning sincerity convinces. This strange novel is a strategic listening post for the conflicting movements of Victorian thought.

In action *Yeast* is a cross between a Platonic dialogue and a penny dreadful. The ribald little boy at the melodrama screaming for more murders would be content with Kingsley's extravagant and familiar devices. For it must be confessed that the Kingsley who declared himself "nothing if not a priest" loved a horrid tale. Lancelot's first meeting with Argemone recalls the story of the social nincompoop whose wont was to attract the attention of ladies by falling down stairs. Close by Argemone's high-church chapel Lancelot crashes from his horse, and suffers a timely concussion of the brain. In making Argemone nurse Lancelot back to life Kingsley observes almost the first of prehistoric literary traditions. The episode is his hearty version of the sprained-ankle motif.

This is melodrama, but it is Colonel Bracebridge, fox-

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hunter and courteous seducer who really sets the lights low and the violins at *pizzicato*. He is guilty of no constructive piece of villainy, but his cleverness precludes his being virtuous. He is born out of his due time by at least a century, for in Fielding he would have been a hero. But in this Victorian company he is merely a soft-hearted radical who sins on claret. Kingsley's description of his death makes him a comic character. Certainly not all Victorians could have taken the following passage seriously. It is concerned with the letter which Bracebridge received immediately before he committed suicide, and which Lancelot read over the dead body of his friend: "'How I loved you once! How I hate you now! But I have my revenge. *Your baby cried twice after it was born!*' Lancelot tore the letter into a hundred pieces and swallowed them."

The first love passage between Argemone and Lancelot is really a gentle religious controversy. In the first intimacy of love still unconfessed Lancelot ventures to assail those who were fighting for truth at Oxford: "'Oh, Mr. Smith,' she said, 'how can you dare to talk so of a liturgy compiled by the wisest and holiest of all countries and ages! . . . Oh,' she said hopefully, 'that you would but try the church system! How you would find it harmonize and methodize every day, every hour for you! . . . Why not go to our vicar and open up your doubts to him?'"

But brutal Lancelot would not try the vicar, for, as he states in a homily a page long, the vicar was inimical to Schiller, Boehmen, and Carlyle! Yet he is not loth to talk with Argemone of love, and its denial of death. To Argemone's coy contention that the angelic life is single Lancelot demurs: "'How do we know that these angels, as they call them, if they be really persons may not be united in pairs by some marriage bond?' 'That is a very wild view, Mr. Smith, and not sanctioned by the Church,' said Argemone severely."

The lovers become more and more intellectual; in particular, the study of Homer binds them more closely. The crescendo of sentiment reaches its height when Lancelot shows Argemone a drawing of his own, in Tennysonian tone, called *The Triumph of Woman*. Argemone drops a "single tear" over the figure of Woman, followed by a trusting gazelle and a wandering butterfly. "And when she fancied that she traced in those bland aquiline lineaments, and in

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the crisp ringlets which floated down to the knees of the figure, some traces of her own likeness, a dream of a new destiny floated before her,—she blushed to her very neck. 'You do not like it! I have been too bold,' said Lancelot, fearfully. 'Oh, no! no! It is so beautiful—so full of deep wisdom! But—but—You may leave it.'" *Yeast* is soaked in this kind of sentiment.

Argemone dies, and the result is a complete cessation of the action. The dialogues between the symbolic characters become longer and more didactic. The heroine and villain have vanished, and Kingsley is at some pains to finish his tale. He is, indeed, ridiculously like the author who got his hero at the bottom of a well and lacked the proper literary hoist. Like Sheridan's hero, it looks as if Lancelot would have to crawl off the stage on his hands and knees. What to do with Lancelot Smith? It is a problem, but nobody would wish to have Kingsley leave *Yeast* unended. A great unfinished novel may be left the world by Dickens, but not by Kingsley. End it Kingsley had to, and he did. He ended it by the creation of a new character, by the unparalleled Barnakill.

Barnakill is from Asia. His profession is unknown and even at his very first appearance he is occult enough to cause the reader considerable annoyance. As an avocation he affects banking, and his outlook upon finance is, to say the least, cosmic. He is, I think, literature's first transcendental business man. Barnakill has a knack of being found suddenly in odd places. He utters curious moral axioms; he alludes cryptically to an unheard of past and future; and he is forever displaying a weird omniscience concerning things both trivial and tremendous. But above all, Barnakill astounds and shames by his moral perfection. He bestows a sixpence upon Lancelot for lifting a trunk; thus Lancelot is taught the nobility of labour. Who is he? Not till the very end do we learn. Then Lancelot asks Barnakill about the underlying principle of their proposed ideal commonwealth. What is it to be? And Barnakill replies: "'Jesus Christ—THE MAN.'"

"He took Lancelot by the hand. A peaceful warmth diffused itself over his limbs; the droning of the organ sounded fainter and more faint; the marble monuments grew dim and distant; and, half unconsciously, he followed like a child through the cathedral door." It is reasonably

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clear that Kingsley ended his novel with an incarnation of the Founder of Christianity.

The action of *Yeast* is certainly extraordinary, but to infer that Kingsley was less interested in action than character would be an error. His indifference to naturalness in his story was not due to greater concern over the thoughts and feelings of his characters. Most of these persons leave us cold except for interest in the beliefs to which they cling with such pious enthusiasm. Never the depth of feeling in the face of the baffling facts of life, as in Thackeray; never the subtle growth of character, as in George Eliot. Each person is a doctrinaire, and Kingsley is interested in the doctrines. Every character is a mouthpiece for its creator, and it may be truly said that from each comes, as Mozley has said, "a roar worthy of that lion, Kingsley."

True, Argemone roars you as gently as the proverbial dove. She is as docile as the pet of Androcles. Yet she makes an excellent target for an enemy of Tractarianism. Argemone is important; it is difficult to see how without her Kingsley could have so harassed Puseyism. Like the writer of the doctoral thesis, Kingsley might almost dedicate his book to "the little woman who made this work possible." Argemone has been swept off her feet by the Oxford Movement. Her reading list is longer than Byron's and decidedly less heterodox. For Argemone is under the influence of *Credo in Newmannum*. "She was somewhat high church in her notions, and used to go up every Wednesday and Friday to the chapel in the hills . . . for an hour's mystic devotion, set off by a little graceful asceticism." A secret correspondence has prepared her for entrance into what Kingsley calls a "quasi-Protestant nunnery." At the last instant Argemone recedes from her decision, for she realizes her love for Lancelot. Kingsley exults in the thought that covert Romanism cannot triumph over a real love of body and spirit. With delight he dwells on the defeat of the "rickety windmill of sham-popery." Through Argemone Kingsley tries to show the sin and futility of ultra-Romanism in the Anglican Church.

Equally definite is the phase of thought elucidated through Argemone's lover, Lancelot Smith. This hero is an amazing blend of muscle and metaphysics, and his mind is a storm-center for the religious doubt of the day. The conventional beacons of faith Lancelot hardly sees. He has,

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if such a conquest is possible, mastered German philosophy; and Carlyle is a passion. The orthodox churches he will not tolerate, because of their casuistry and their impatience of the physical needs of men. Lancelot professes to be a splendid and unregenerate animal. He stamps upon the earth and delights to run his race. All the healthy Kingsleyan virtues are his; and he is easily recognizable as a brother to Amyas Leigh, and other characters in less ecclesiastical novels of Kingsley's.

Especially does Lancelot love the dust of combat with what he considers the unmanly aspects of religion. Theology has made the Church a cold abstraction. So he writes dreary letters to Luke, the Tractarian curate, denouncing effeminacy in the Anglican and Catholic Churches. The pale, peaked faces of holy men stir in him depths of fury, and he ascribes the easy conquest of the animal nature to its fundamental absence. At the nadir of Lancelot's unrest Tregarva, the Methodist gamekeeper, shows him the misery of the English agricultural poor. Lancelot's disgust for altars, on which you could not see the Christ for saints, deepens. The true religion, he concludes, must involve increasing care for social betterment. Here, at least, is a man's work; to it Lancelot consecrates his life. The character is obviously a symbol of the spiritual dissatisfaction of England's young men,—and of the ideal remedy! Lancelot is, I believe, the best sketch in literature of Kingsley's "muscular Christian," or of the "Christian Socialist." Note the name of Lancelot Smith, a delightful sample of Kingsley's naîveté in novel construction. Lancelot is a nineteenth century knight-errant, but he is also *Smith,* of the Smiths; of the stock and stem of everyday Englishmen. He is a champion for and of the common people.

We of the next century, the incredible twentieth, think our age the crepuscular time before the birth of a new order. But Kingsley thought this of the nineteenth century. In the preface to the First Edition of *Yeast* he declares that he has tried to express truly popular notions of the social and religious order. Aptly enough the caption of one of Kingsley's poems might be made the title of *Yeast,—The Dead Church.* This is a basic idea in the book, whether one thinks of Argemone's pathetic neo-Catholicism or Lancelot's bitter echo from Carlyle: "We have forgotten God."

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Always this despair is closely linked with antagonism towards the Catholic Church. Kingsley's is the eternal opposition of the Protestant to the Catholic theory of authority. The security and happiness of Luke, after going to Rome, he cannot endure. Kingsley's whole life was a rough and ready struggle against doubt; therefore what he cannot endure in Catholics is their certainty. The letters to Luke, denouncing Catholicism, have their prototypes in actual letters of Charles Kingsley. Sometimes it seems as if this resentment had its origin in yearning for the faith for which he was temperamentally unfitted. "I have been through it," he says. "I have longed for Rome, and boldly faced the consequences of Rome."

Naturally Kingsley is no less hostile towards the party seeking to deprotestantize the Anglican Church. Weak men such as Luke were likely to find it a half-step to Rome. Thus the vicar who lays siege to Argemone is an unwitting sophist, and is represented as having marked leanings towards the ancient church. But Kingsley's real accusation against the Oxford Movement was that it created new wounds in the Church, when all her might was needed to fight real and sinister enemies within the fold. Lancelot is estopped from embracing Christian Socialism earlier because his brain has been confused by the unintelligible heresies and hair-splitting controversies of the ecclesiastics. Similarly, Argemone's vapid devotions in the woodland chapel disappear in the face of the real issue of helping the wretches in England's countryside. That Kingsley was blundering right in believing that chicanery existed between the neo-Catholics and Rome may not be a defensible position. Certainly Newman saw to it that this attitude ended disastrously for Kingsley. But that the discussion of aesthetic practices, or even of dogma, was trivial compared with the immediate relief of the misery of the poor,—this is tenable ground, and constituted in *Yeast,* as elsewhere, Kingsley's strongest contention against the Oxford Movement.

But the central current of thought in *Yeast* is concerned with Christian Socialism. Tregarva interprets the misery of the country as in *Alton Locke* Sandy Mackay depicts the anguish of the city. In these episodes Lancelot is merely a Socratic questioner, and Tregarva's long responses are like a Kingsleyan social pamphlet. The kinds of oppression are

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not wholly familiar, but Kingsley convinces by sheer vehemence and passionate feeling, and the twentieth century reader finds himself connecting by secret conduits the suffering of 1850 and the unrest of 1920. Is the picture too sordid to be truthful? Let there make answer the *Corn Rhymes* of Ebenezer Elliott, the lyrics of Hood, or the *Autobiography of a Chartist,* by Cooper. Although it is easy to smile at England's Jeremiahs, the truth remains that she has been often on the brink of social revolution. And one of these times was the day of the Chartist. *Yeast* is a practical advertisement of the cause of Christian Socialism. Against the troubles described in *Yeast* Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley had united as the first Christian Socialists. The mode of battle was the old one of the Puseyites, the tract. The new *Tracts for the Times* were for the workingmen of England, and were called *Politics for the People.* The organization of the Christian Socialists was complex, but their platform was simple: the application of "the practical principles of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry."

Rossetti, once passing an election meeting, remarked idly: "Well, I suppose someone will get in." The artist-poet turned to what he considered the more enduring interests of art and literature. And I see no reason why a student of the Victorians should examine *Yeast* so precisely, if it were filled merely with religious or political transiencies. But it mirrors, too, the literary tendencies of its time. The stamp of the exemplars of the literature of 1850 is upon the book. Such influences and literary inter-relations have a certain interest even to-day, not only for the red-blooded hunter who spends the summer in the library gunning for sources, but also for the critic of significant nineteenth century prose and poetry. Kingsley was an imitative writer. His great model in poetry was Tennyson; in prose Carlyle. Everywhere in *Yeast* is apparent Kingsley's enormous debt to Carlyle. References to him are *passim* and the very spirit of the book is Carlyle's. If *Alton Locke* was inspired by the *French Revolution,* certainly *Yeast* was directly affected by *Past and Present.* In its abruptness, its eloquence, and its sincerity it is Carlylean.

Yeast's failure to hold its own among literary productions of the fifties is due chiefly to the fact that many of its

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problems were accidental and ephemeral. Though the fundamental political and religious questions still torment us, the particular issue of Poor Law Relief is no longer vital. Kingsley, foolishly enough, stressed not the deeper *impasse,* but the topic of the day. Art always avenges itself upon the artist who uses his gift for a temporary end, and Kingsley's *Yeast* pays this penalty. Witch-burning is not now a menace, but men will continue to read *The Scarlet Letter* because it considers the unsolved problems of the human soul, and thus has eternal interest. *Yeast* was always, in the literary sense, justly perishable.

But students of Victorian literature will still read this potpourri. They will be sensible of its anomalies, its fallacies, its roughness, and its forgotten prejudices. They will be amused at this singular combination of Platonic dialogue, tract, sermon, diatribe, and ballad, but they will understand the Victorians better, and so think their reading worth while. " In homely English," Kingsley concludes in his Epilogue, " I have given my readers *Yeast;* if they be what I take them for, they will be able to bake with it themselves."

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

THE tercentenary of the Pilgrims is being appropriately marked with numerous and impressive demonstrations of sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, which have in some quarters been much misunderstood, or misinterpreted, and therefore resented. Despite its high canonical authority, we cannot altogether subscribe to the rule "Love me, love my dog," and we must regret that there are those who cannot or will not recognize the fact that it is possible for a strong spiritual sympathy to exist between two peoples without there being so much as a thought of political relationship. The events of 1620 and 1776 were two of the very greatest in the history of America, and their significance is impregnable. No commemoration of one can impair the purport of the other. Indeed, we must reckon him strangely lacking in acuteness of historical perception who does not understand the vital connection between the two, and see that the coming of the Pilgrims to Plymouth, though unrealized and unintended by them as such, was in fact the first step toward Independence Hall. That fact is perhaps more generally appreciated in Great Britain than in America, and the recognition of it does not in the least degree abate the interest which is felt in this commemoration. It is fitting that Great Britain should gratefully commemorate both 1620 and 1776, as the source of spiritual and political revolutions in her home domain comparable with those in the colonies which she through them lost forever.

France has again finely vindicated her steadfastness of purpose, though in doing so she has incurred another serious and perhaps crucial test. Another of her Presidents has resigned — the fifth to do so — and she has replaced him with one of her best men, without the slightest jar or dis-

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turbance of her governmental machinery, and indeed with a facility and a unanimity unprecedented in the history of her elections. With the forebodings of some, that the election of M. Millerand means war, we need not concern ourselves. We do not believe it true; but if it were true, it would mean that war was inevitable in any event, since M. Millerand is unquestionably a faithful exponent of the desires and purposes of the French nation, desires and purposes so strong that no man as President would be able to withstand them. Not peace or war is the test which France must now endure, but rather the question whether she can and will sanction the transformation of her figure-head President into a very active and potent Chief of State. It is an open secret that she made her Presidents mere figure-heads through fear that otherwise someone might attempt a repetition of 1851. The question now to be answered is whether she has outgrown that fear, and can securely and confidently invest her President with some such measures of power — not altogether such — as those of the President of the United States. M. Millerand is an unconcealed advocate of constitutional changes to that end, and he has promptly put some of his theories into practice in advance of legislation. There must presently be a day of reckoning in the Chambers, which will either confirm his course and thus modify the Constitution, or rebuke him in a manner which may cause a governmental crisis. In either case we may expect France to remain tranquil. She has "found herself."

The League of Nations appears to have performed one of the functions for which it was created, by taking in hand for settlement the controversy over the ownership of the Aland Islands. The exultant boast that it had also secured peace between Poland and Lithuania and would settle their dispute, proved to be premature. In respect to the Aland Islands it will be observed that it undertook precisely the sort of work that the Permanent Tribunal at The Hague was constituted to do, and did repeatedly do years before the League was thought of. We may give the League credit for doing this work, but must recognize two essential circumstances. One is, that the League was not indispensable for this purpose; for had it not been in existence, The Hague Tribunal was there, ready to do the job. The other

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is, that in this the League has not fulfilled its highest and primary function, but only a secondary and subsidiary one. Its great function is to prevent war. But there was no serious threat of war in the Aland Islands case. As for other more serious complications, which are causing war and dangers of war, the League does not attempt to deal with them, for the simple reason, frankly stated by Mr. Lloyd George, that it would need troops to do it, and the United States, the only country that could spare troops for the purpose, is not in the League. It would be impossible to express more clearly what would be expected of us if we should ratify the Covenant.

The President has refused to execute a certain supremely important part of the Shipping act. The incident has, of course, figured conspicuously in political and partisan discussion. Entirely apart from party politics and the exigencies of the campaign, it raises the exceedingly important question whether the President is to possess or is to be permitted to exercise the "dispensing power" which was so odious in the Stuart Kings, and which ultimately contributed predominantly to their expulsion. The act was regularly passed by Congress, and was approved and signed by the President. It therefore became as much a part of the law of the land as any other enactment on the statute book. The President is required by the Constitution to see to it that the laws are executed, and he is bound by his oath of office to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution. Perhaps it would promote our "new freedom" to invest the President with the "dispensing power," but in that case some modification of the Constitution would seem to be necessary for the sake of consistency. Either it should provide that the President "shall take care that *such of* the laws *as he sees fit* be faithfully executed," or it should require him to swear that he will "preserve, protect and defend *such parts of* the Constitution *as he sees fit.*" We have italicized the proposed interpolations, upon the adoption of which a great and solemn referendum should be taken. It may be added, in a spirit of the purest non-partisanship, that the various explanations, excuses or what not which have been put forward, by the President himself through the State Department, and by his supporters in the press, for justification of his extraordinary act, are the veriest piffle,

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which we are certain none of their authors can regard without a smile of derision. The only real question at issue is whether the President is bound by the Constitution and by his oath of office, or is free to exercise the "dispensing power" in respect of them and of all his official duties.

The opening of the college year is marked with a phenomenon of the highest interest, both speculative and practical. This is, the great increase in enrollment, in circumstances which suggest the probability of a yearly continuance of the process, perhaps at an accelerated rate. A statistical review of thirty leading and representative universities, in all parts of the country, shows the following results: From 1905 to 1909 the increase was about 31 per cent; from 1909 to 1914 it was about 34 per cent; in 1917, because of the war, there was a decrease of 17 per cent from 1916; in 1919 there was not only a recovery of that lost 17 per cent but also an increase over 1914 of 47 per cent; and in 1920 there is a very large increase over 1919. It seems reasonable to attribute these last named results to the war, which impressed young men with the value of college training as they had never been impressed before. Years ago, every institution welcomed and indeed solicited all possible increase in attendance. But to-day many of the universities are actually discouraging and repelling it, some by raising the qualifications for admission, and others by arbitrarily limiting the numbers of students to be received. This is because of the embarrassment which too great enrollment causes in one or more of three respects. Some institutions have not housing room—lecture rooms and class rooms—for so many. Some are unable to secure a sufficient number of competent instructors for them. Some with scanty endowments suffer lack of funds with which to care for all who present themselves. These are practical difficulties, which could be overcome with money. In addition there rises if not a difficulty at least a very grave problem of a different kind. That is the question how large a university may properly be, if it is to retain a genuine homogeneity of spirit and culture. A single illustration will show the nature of the problem. New York University in 1919 had, excluding summer school students, by far the largest enrollment in America. Fifteen years ago it was one of the smaller universities, hav-

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ing in 1905 a total of only 2,380; in 1909 it had 3,843; in 1914 it had 6,142; and in 1919 it had (without the summer school) 11,237. The question is, can so large and so rapid a growth be satisfactorily assimilated, or must it resemble a too great influx of alien immigrants into the country? Also, will it be possible, even with much time, fully to unify an institution whose students are numbered not by thousands but by tens of thousands? This last is a speculative question, now becoming practical and urgent, which educators are considering carefully, with an earnest hope of being able to work out an affirmative answer.

Efforts to solve the so-called housing problem have been energetically made in many places and in many ways. Most notable of all have been those in New York, where the problem is probably most pressing, and where a special session of the Legislature rushed through a number of more or less radical laws. These were chiefly for the benefit of present tenants, affording little comfort for those who have no satisfactory housing at all, and affording, also, comparatively little encouragement to builders, unless by exempting new dwellings from taxation for a limited time—a device which it would be difficult to justify on sound economic grounds. Of course the only effective solution of the problem is in building more houses and tenements, and in building them in numbers sufficient to cause the question of rent to be normally settled by the law of demand and supply. It is futile and worse than futile to try to provide housing by artificial legislation. Tenants may be protected in their rights, as of course they should be, and landlords should equally be protected in theirs. But you cannot by act of legislature compel men to build houses, and you cannot persuade them to do so unless it is made profitable for them. The scarcity of housing must be recognized as not a detached and isolated phenomenon, but as an integral part of the whole inter-related congeries of conditions and circumstances produced by the war, or perhaps by our economically incompetent and vicious administration of affairs during the war; and we must realize that its adequate and permanent solution will come when—and will not come until—our whole social, industrial and economic system is got back to a normal status.

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Irish affairs seem to be sullenly sinking toward nadir. The grewsome and sordid drama of starvation has proceeded at Brixton jail, while from Belfast to Cork has raged a savage tragedy of murder, reprisals, and counter-reprisals; the whole amply warranting the reproach of the worst misgovernment in a century. One sane voice has been heard; that of Lord Grey, proposing a rational and equitable plan of settlement, which former Irish leaders from O'Connell through Parnell to Redmond would have hailed with rapture, and which contemporary Irishmen who place patriotism above politics, like Sir Horace Plunkett, would cordially accept as satisfactory. But the protagonists of the present ruction, from Mr. Eamonn de Valera, on the one hand, to Sir Edward Carson, on the other, reject it with contumely. Meanwhile, Governor Cox and President Wilson have been assuring the American Nation that if only we were in the League of Nations, we should immediately ourselves take a hand in the row by summoning Great Britain before the bar of the Council. Inquired the Second Watch: "How if 'a will not stand?" Responded Dogberry: "Why then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave."

Two years have passed since the Great War was ended by the conclusion of the armistice. We can vividly remember the delirium of exultant joy, and the profound expressions of thanksgiving which marked that time; and especially the fervent and confident declarations that there must be no more war. Yet today there are credibly enumerated no fewer than nine wars actually raging in the world and implicating the belligerent activities of a score of peoples. There are nineteen international frontiers which are held by armed forces in preparation and largely in expectation of war, while four other frontiers are, in a military and belligerent sense, "acutely sensitive." There are also seven civil wars, actual or impending, in as many different countries. That must be admitted to be a poor showing for an era of peace, and to give point to questions concerning the efficiency of the League of Nations, to which most of these belligerents belong. The ready explanation by League advocates is either that the wars are none of its business, or that the League can do nothing without the participation

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of the United States. The former is stultifying. If the League has any business at all, it is that of preventing war. The latter seems unmistakably like a confession that the United States, in the League, would be, or would be expected to be, the common bailiff for all the world.

The New York House of Assembly at its special session again expelled three of its five Socialist members, whereupon the other two resigned their seats, regarding so arbitrary a body as unfit for themselves to sit in. The expulsions were indeed, if possible, more arbitrary and despotic than the former ones of last Spring, since they were based on grounds to which the highest authority on the subject in the Assembly, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, directly gave the lie. Some Socialists talked foolishly, about "bombs and bullets," but the formal statement put forward by them was if not impeccable at least an immeasurably more creditable performance than the resolution of expulsion. There can be little doubt that the majority of citizens of the State, regardless of party, disapprove and regret the act of the Assembly. They have no use for Socialism, but they detest undemocratic intolerance.

The uselessness of outrage was strikingly displayed in the Wall Street explosion, which was the most destructive crime of the kind on record. Apparently it was not intended to effect the demolition of any specific building, nor the death of any particular person, but simply to do as much miscellaneous damage as possible at the very financial centre of the nation. No building was destroyed or even seriously damaged, but the loss of life was appalling. The irony of it was, however, that not one person was killed who was such as the instigators and doers of the deed might be supposed to have a grudge against and to wish to destroy. Every one of the nearly two-score belonged to the wage-earning category, in whose behalf bomb-throwers pretend to act. As for the "moral effect" of it, it was confined to making more general and more intense the detestation of all such deeds.

Unpleasant reports come, of the most circumstantial and positive character, from the highest authorities, of the increasing and increasingly flagrant disregard of the pro-

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hibition law. One expert and authoritative observer recently declared that in New Jersey there were more drunken women and children than ever before. That was because of the home manufacture of beer containing eight or nine per cent of alcohol, instead of the three or four per cent formerly produced by breweries. In all large cities there are stores on almost every street, if not on every block, for the sale of hops, malt and other ingredients and mechanical appliances for the home manufacture of beer, with full directions for their use. The sale of copper and other tubing, of a size suitable for the making of small stills for household use, has enormously increased. Of course the making of crude beverages in private homes, of excessive alcoholic strength, and the drinking of them in a raw, unseasoned state, must be far more pernicious than was the former liquor traffic which these semi-surreptitious devices and practices have supplanted. In many places the state of affairs is an open scandal, revolting alike to sincere and thoughtful "wets" and "drys." The physical results of such tippling are deplorable. The moral effects, in inculcating contempt for law, are atrocious.

Revelations, or at any rate most explicit and circumstantial charges, have been made concerning the conduct of the American Government toward Haiti which, if not completely refuted, must involve us in grave discredit. They are to the effect that, in order to facilitate the exploitation of the island Republic by a favored American bank, we have taken advantage of if we have not actually fomented and executed revolutions there, have abrogated the Haitian Constitution and have imposed a new one upon the Republic, and have practically massacred some thousands of the people. These charges are strongly supported by attendant circumstances, and they have not yet been satisfactorily disproved or even denied.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MEMOIRS OF LIFE AND LITERATURE. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The finest quality of these *Memoirs* as a revelation of personality is, perhaps, *intellectual conscience*. By this one does not mean simply intellectual honesty—which may be rather brutal, as in the case of Carlyle, or somewhat grimly unconcerned, as with Herbert Spencer and not a few other philosophers. Both these men were in the way of being intellectual steam rollers. By "intellectual conscience" one means to imply something a trifle more sensitive, for one thing, than simple honesty—a *flair* for truth that makes equally impossible, as permanent states, both self-deception and a kind of bleak disillusionment. Mr. Mallock has never been able to content himself with comfortable, easy solutions of the darker and greater problems of life—nor with mere denials. With a kind of painful perspicacity he saw through the half-truths set up by others in defense of the beliefs he would fain have cherished; and he brought before the defenders the original problems, stripped of sham, in all their age-old awfulness and inscrutability. He it was who pointed out with unsparing logic, forty years ago, that, without the substance of things hoped for, life is demonstrably "not worth living"—cutting to pieces common complacency with a knife as sharp as that of any cynic who has placed human illusions upon the dissecting table. Yet his final message is an affirmation; and, after reading his memoirs, one cannot help forming the opinion that for him the game of living and of thinking has always been too interesting to permit of its being spoiled by pure negation. In his attitude there has been nothing of the vaunting mental toughness of one who should say, "Behold an honest thinker and one not afraid to follow where truth leads!" nothing of the self-pity (variously disguised) of the disillusioned romantic; little of the cold zest of the thinker who cares for thought alone and thereby finds content.

His ripe conclusion has been that if the dogmas of religion have been discredited by science, those of science are, in the last analysis, no more trustworthy. Nay, the reconstruction of religious belief is possible. "The gospel of Faith is no more irrational than the gospel of scientific negation; and the former can be a guide to action, whereas, if thought out completely, this is precisely what the latter cannot be. . . . The true vindication is that religious belief works, and that scientific negation does not work, and here we have the practical test by which the validity of the former is to be established."

Intellectual honesty may, and often does, stop at the negation; intellectual conscience drives the thinker on. In the end the quest

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ends where it began, but with a difference. Unlike Omar, Mr. Mallock did not depart by the same door through which he entered. Simply, after following reason as far as he could, he found in the end, as doubtless his temperament had all along forecasted, that reason gave him leave to live and to be human.

Not that Mr. Mallock seems ever to have felt himself debarred from these privileges. Quite the contrary. He appears never to have been at all of the type that philosophy makes mad. If a philosophy or a set of consistent opinions be, as some have said, a work of art, issuing from temperament rather than from logical necessity, then one may partially explain the charm as well as the significance of Mr. Mallock's memoirs by pointing out that the combination of relentless and urgent intellectual conscience with the good sense, the capacity for enjoyment, the instinct for living, of a cultivated man of the world, is rare and prizable. That a man blessed by fortune with freedom from financial worries, social opportunities, fine traditions, superior taste and breeding (and valuing these things as highly as they deserve to be valued) should be driven by sheer logic to write a book like "Is Life Worth Living?" is a little singular. Mr. Mallock, indeed, appears as something of a paradox in human character—a born dilletante who is not a dilletante. There are men free from the obligation to toil who hate all kinds of hard labor, manual or mental, almost as much as they would if they were paid to perform them; and there are some who enjoy laborious exercises of the mind and body largely because such occupations are not work; but there are not many surely who, being driven by a kind of moral compulsion to the strenuous employment of their minds, engage in the consideration of abstruse problems with as much zest and with as little disturbance of social poise as if these studies were merely hobbies. Such, however, was the case with Mr. Mallock—at least, his memoirs, whether intentionally or not, strongly convey this impression.

Novels, tracts, philosophical essays, were thought out and written during pleasant visits to country houses—houses the material and social settings of which are described with a nicety of discrimination and with a wit that betoken anything but personal seclusion. In the midst of a marvellous sojourn in Cyprus, whither he was led by romantic curiosity, the author, with an appreciative eye upon his picturesque surroundings, meditates upon social problems, and is brought to see in the society of the island "a very useful refutation of the doctrine that the masses are only poor when a few rich people plunder them." A half-serious venture with a system of playing roulette at Monte Carlo excites him for a time, but he is soon fully occupied once more with religion, politics, and fiction. Not often can serious contributions toward the solution of the deepest problems be expected to come from a man of this temper. Yet Mr. Mallock was precisely the man to make his age clear to itself and to point for it a way out of some of its perplexities. His books do not, to be sure, "smell of the lamp"; they appear to be what they are—the writings of an accomplished man of the world who is also a scholar and a philosopher. But there are in them qualities and results that one commonly finds only in the work of the habitually cloistered thinker.

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Of course, a most important consideration is the nature of the society that made a man like Mallock possible. His mind and his philosophy are, in a certain sense, the flowers of an aristocracy. Some men endowed with similar gifts of intellect and temperament have doubtless died unrecognized or undeveloped for lack of a fostering environment. It is just here that the book possesses a large significance. It reflects and pictures without distortion the intellectual tendencies and social backgrounds of the author's time, a time now changing. As Mr. Mallock expresses the matter: "Whether the writer is conscious of the fact or no, they [the aspects and incidents of his own life] represent a circle of circumstances, general as well as private, to which his individual character reacts; and his reactions as he records them, may in this way acquire a meaning and unity which have their origin in the age—in the general conditions and movements which his recollections cover—rather than in any qualities or adventures which happen to be exclusively his own."

Brought up in an atmosphere of strictest conservatism, the author as a youth felt acutely the absurdity of the attacks made upon social and religious conservatism and not less keenly the absurdity of most of the gestures made in attempted defence of it. Really to defend and to justify conservatism—understood as representing traditional human values—against the assaults of such forces as socialism and atheism became his ruling purpose. And so it is not surprising that both his intellectual and his social life form a remarkably coherent story of his time.

It may be remarked, too, that the proximate attainment of this purpose, and the development of a mind and character consonant with it, betoken no mean spiritual victory. The inner adjustment achieved has been fine; and it has been, so to speak, "openly arrived at." What the author has given us in his books, with all sincerity, has been, so it seems, not "confessions" by any means, but his real inner thought without compromise or unexpressed reservations. This, rather than its suavity of style, its variety of interests, its numerous personalities, explains the charm of the volume. There is an air of intellectual and moral success and good-breeding about it such as one rarely finds—for how many of our geniuses are in the full sense morally or intellectually successful, not to speak of being well bred? The social anecdotes and personal reminiscences are numerous and delightful. Ruskin, Browning, Carlyle, Cardinal Manning, Ouida, Swinburne, Theodore Roosevelt—these are only a few of the notables adverted to; and we must not forget more obscure though not less interesting figures such as "old Mr. Bevan," last survivor of the age of dandies, whom both Disraeli and Bulwer chose as the model for their respective delineations of the typical man of the world.

But what best explains the hold that the book takes upon one is that its anecdotes are all in an unpretentious way not only illustrative of the age, but expressive of an enviably philosophical yet worldly point of view. In these memoirs one sees through the eyes of a man who has solved his own inner problems with uncommon completeness. And so one sees without disturbing motes. The comment is absolutely candid, though duly reserved, and the stories themselves are things

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remembered by one who was part of each scene and not merely a note-taking looker on.

Finally, the book is a summing up in biographical form of the author's literary work and philosophical conclusions. Whoever maintains that he has weighed more exactly, or has more conscientiously striven to evaluate the worth of human life, or that he has compared contentions regarding human problems with more precise discrimination or greater justice to opposing views than has Mr. Mallock, has need of much proof. Though the problems Mallock has studied are changing their forms, though a somewhat different set of questions propound themselves today, it is difficult to think past his philosophy, and quite possible to be satisfied with it.

INTIMATE PAGES OF MEXICAN HISTORY. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's account of Mexico is so different from the ordinary narrative of the newspaper correspondent, or the usual comments of the observer of foreign affairs, or the impersonal narrative of the historian, that it fascinates one from the first, as much by its refreshing novelty and assurance as by its remarkable brilliancy of style. Here is a rare thing, a book about Mexico with "some heart in it," the author actually manifesting not only a willingness to sympathize with the Mexican people, but even a disposition to treat Mexican history as something significant and tragic, not merely ludicrous (from a serious political point of view) or just hopelessly inferior and corrupt. In *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico*, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave us her intimate view of a particular situation, with no concealment of her real opinions concerning the larger questions involved, yet with a certain reserve imposed by discretion and by a comparatively restricted purpose. Now she gives us her whole feeling and philosophy regarding Mexico.

Porfirio Diaz, we learn, was, in several senses of the word, a great man. If this surprises us, it is perhaps only because we have a fixed impression that Mexican great men cannot really be great. There must be, we instinctively assume, a fly in the ointment, if not "a nigger in the woodpile." Diaz, however, was not venal—even though efficient. He knew that money was a vital necessity in the state, but "it was without meaning in his own existence. He had no personal wants, he accumulated no personal effects." At the close of his administration, Senor Don José Limantour, his Minister of Finance, handed over to the new Finance Minister, Don Ernesto Madero (uncle to the "Redeemer") 72,000,000 pesos in hard coin. Diaz was so completely practical that he actually realized the value of foreign brains and capital in Mexico; but this did not make him a blackguard. Best of all, "knowing to the very marrow of its being, as only the man of genius can know things, that undisciplined, heterogeneous, passionate mass of human beings, the Mexican people, in his wisdom Don Porfirio never experimented with the cruelties of a sentimental and unripe democracy." Until his eightieth year, discontent with his strong-hand methods never went further than the common human perversity of longing for a change—even for the worse.

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Madero was a dreamer, a mystic, something of a self-deceived charlatan. "He was completely, fatally amateurish, and what was needed was technical governmental skill." A pacifist by nature and conviction, he was in the end obliged to rely upon the army to support his power. His fall—and indeed the manner of it—was definitely foreseeable.

For Huerta, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy awakens a not wholly sentimental (because discriminating) sympathy. She does not make a hero of him, as she does of Porfirio Diaz; but she presents him as a tragic and, in some obscure way, a great figure. He was an enigma, she frankly confesses. But, in the first place, he was, according to the Mexican Constitution, lawfully President of Mexico; and not a shred of evidence has come to light showing that he was in any way responsible for the killing of Madero. That this event would be a calamity for him, he must have known. Again, he never had a fair chance. Apparently ready to meet foreign obligations and especially anxious to conciliate the United States; tenacious, but without a trace of arrogance; diplomatic, in his own shrewd and forbearing way, throughout his hopeless struggle for recognition; he was thwarted in the most gratuitous way. Permitting herself, upon this subject, a freer exercise of a faculty for the keenest satire than she felt to be fitting in her earlier book, the author writes:

"It has been said that President Wilson's horror of Huerta sprang from his own great virtue, but even so he seems, as some one has pointed out, scarcely justified, in the punishment on circumstantial evidence only of murder, by dragging 15,000,000 human beings into a fratricidal war. As Mr. Wilson's duties at home at that time prevented him from engaging in the affairs of the world, and unfortunately rendered it quite impossible for him to take over the government of Mexico himself, and to carry out his views for the 85 per cent thoroughly in his own way, on the principle that if you want a thing well done, do it yourself, the only reasonable alternative was to let the work be done in *their* way, by a man who happened to be the legal President of his country."

But, most of all,—and this is an idea that the author in a variety of subtle ways makes convincing,—Huerta was Mexican. Here, indeed, resides, in great part, the philosophy of the whole matter.

"The more one considers that unequal contest (Huerta had within his own being further enemies), the more one wonders what would have been the writing of history had he been permitted by Fate and the United States to work out the Mexican situation in the Mexican way.

The book has an emotional quality bespeaking real acquaintance with facts and persons, real concern for—let us say without hesitation—Mexican nationality. It may occur to the reader that this element of feeling is excessive. There seems no real occasion for saying with especial bitterness that "the greatest lie of the ages is that which tells us that all men are born free and equal." Though a vigorous and brilliant social life is doubtless a sign of national health, there is a kind of unaccountable violence in the statement that what was once the glory of states has been replaced by "drab, misshapen, penurious,

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irresponsible groupings of mediocrities." But there is throughout the whole book an intimacy and warmth which, if it does no more, can scarcely fail to make one's mind receptive of a broader point of view. Probably it will do more. It is not easy to see that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's philosophy of Mexico, realistic to the point of cynicism, yet generous in feeling, is in any essential way wrong.

RISING ABOVE THE RUINS IN FRANCE. By Corrina Haven Smith and Caroline R. Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"France will soon succeed in re-establishing industrial activities and normal community life." This is the amply substantiated report of Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith and Mrs. William Hill, whose work in the devastated regions since 1915 has given them the fullest opportunity for observation and investigation. The work of gradual restoration in Northern France is an extraordinary human phenomenon. Admirable as are the governmental and other agencies that are aiding in this great task, what most impresses one is the tenacity of the people, which resembles the persistence of life in a living organism. The ruined cities of Northern France are to be rebuilt, its shell-torn fields are again to be placed under profitable tillage. It is all as inevitable as a process of nature; for the people keep coming back. France is like a wounded soldier with a splendid constitution, daily recovering: nothing will be left in time but the scars. The authors have given us with great clarity the facts that enable one to understand the situation statistically; they have developed the manifold human interest of unparalleled conditions of life; but most of all, their book as a whole shows us this striking spectacle of recuperation through national vigor, an activity that is going on over a wide area, everywhere marked by the same courage, the same perseverance.

The devastated region in France comprises 6,000 square miles, with a normal population of 2,000,000 people. Within this extent of territory over 1,000 villages were reduced to ruins; 35,000 miles of railroad track were put out of use; 800 bridges were destroyed; a large proportion of the manufacturing plants were gutted; 1,500,000 head of livestock were killed or stolen.

It was part of the German plan to cripple French industries after the war by destroying or carrying off French machinery. They foresaw, said the head of the Lille Sector, that "during the period when we should be struggling with the problem of reconstruction of our industries, Germany, reinforced by stolen machinery, would be in a position through immediate production to take from us our clientele."

"'Can any estimate be made of the value of the machinery taken?' asked one of the interviewers.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'approximately one milliard.'

"'Is it true that most of the factories destroyed were in regions where there was no fighting and therefore the destruction was premeditated?'

"'It certainly is,' he said with emphasis. 'This fact should be taken into account more than it is.'"

German thoroughness did not end here. The systematic theft and destruction in which the Germans engaged while they were being

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pressed back by the Allied advance to victory was not merely vengeful: it had its cold-blooded and cynical ulterior purpose. The wrecking of water and sewerage systems, the carrying off of agricultural implements, livestock, crops, and seeds, could not alter the military situation, but they might serve to weaken the confidence of French civilians in a government that could not give immediate help.

Happily, these expectations were not fulfilled; both national spirit and national efficiency were underrated. There was no weakening of confidence in the Government. Of what it has been possible to accomplish through governmental planning, the restoration of manufactures affords the best measure. The Germans had calculated that the French textile industry would not be able to get on its feet for two years after the German factories were operating at full capacity. In this, they were somewhat too sanguine. In the district round Roubaix, for example, 71 per cent of the destroyed factories have been rebuilt. "In Roubaix and Turcoing alone," said the manager of the Motte spinning factories, "by the end of September, 151 textile and metal factories were again in operation, employing 40,000 workmen. The weekly production from these textile factories alone is exceeding 3,000 tons a week." In the whole of France 70 per cent of the destroyed factories have been re-established—strong testimony to co-operative efficiency. Cities are to be rebuilt on new plans, better than the old. It will take 200,000,000 francs to rebuild Lens; but the plans have been made with regard for a great future rather than a straightened present, and the work will be done. But there is another sort of loss, not so easily made good. "One must fight," said Dr. DuCamp, at the Child Welfare Center in Lille, "for the development of the children under twelve if the population of the north is to be saved." The words are heavy with tragedy, but the fight is being made and will be won.

Nothing of all this would be possible without the willingness of the people to return. Love of home and national pride brings them back. "When the people began to come back here," said the city architect in Lens, "there was not a wall standing. They returned to live in *abris* and cellars. By January, 1919, thirty-one had arrived. Seven thousand are now back, out of the 32,000 inhabitants before the war." The popular spirit that placed upon a vast heap of ruins a signboard reading, "Lens veut renaitre," cannot fail. Consciously patriotic, it is also as instinctive and as sure of its results as the impulse of the bee toward home-making. "You must not think that our people lack courage," said an old lady of seventy-eight at Liévin, "because they are not all back. Eight thousand out of 25,000 are at home, and by next summer every one will be here."

The volume is illustrated with numerous and well selected photographs—photographs that really help to tell the story and almost succeed in telling it by themselves. It is no small praise of the narrative to say that, while by no means purely descriptive, it matches the pictures in striking or appealing presentation of fact.

JAPAN: REAL AND IMAGINARY. By Sidney Greenbie. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Greenbie's frank, lively, imaginative account of Japan may prop-

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erly be called "a real book." It is entitled to this popular but expressive characterization because, by reason of its intimate realism, its sensitive perception, and, above all, its common sense, it stands out conspicuously from the great mass of variously interesting literature upon the subject with which it deals. The book is well named. It gives a detailed and correct picture of real life in which one is able to see and to value accurately those cloud-wracks of illusion, illuminated here and there by the light of spirit and truth, which make up the "fascination" of any land or any people.

The general impression one gets from this book is that the Japanese, despite the vigorous growth among them of a (largely imitative) civilization, are, to, use a plain term, more barbaric at heart and in the general features of their life than they are commonly represented as being. "To westerners, Japan does not become more dear on acquaintance. In most cases the early enthusiasms fade and are replaced by distrust and even by dislike." There is, of course, no special reason for such disgust or dislike, and when you get to know the people really well you see that this is so: to know all is to forgive all, and also to find new reasons for admiration. Nevertheless, the facts are there and must be taken into account in forming an estimate of the people.

In Japan, waste of labor, "the sheer frittering away of human toil," is a universal curse. The slums, casual tourists to the contrary, are unspeakable. "Not only is there no efficient system for the removal of garbage, but the absence of sewerage (universal in Japan) makes the situation unmentionable." Inefficiency in practical affairs and political methods is general. "The post-office went as near complete disorganization as it could have done. Letters posted to one's neighbor took days and weeks to reach the addressed, and packs of them were delivered when the boy chose to leave them." Tut, tut, Mr. Greenbie, Japan is not the only one.

The outstanding, though not the deepest, traits of Japanese character are reserve, formalism, egoism, a spirit of caste, childishness in pleasures, ultra-decorum in public manners. These are, of course, the very marks of what Professor Veblen calls "the barbarian-pragmatic" stage of culture.

There is no great mystery about Japanese religion. Religion everywhere is associated with the home, the family, the dead, and with the great crises of life generally; and it derives its chief practical strength from such association. The Japanese simply have in religion the minimum of fixed theory and the maximum of practice and sentiment.

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